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J. M. KEYNES presents
"A Positive Peace Programme"

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE ground had been carefully prepared for Mr. Chamberlain's speech. A concerted effort has been made this week to pretend that nothing has happened; that we are "back to normal" and only vaguely concerned with the tragic present and probably still more horrible future in Spain and Central Europe. British policy is left dangerously open to every kind of interpretation; some people will still fondly hope that an agreement with Italy may detach Italy from the Berlin-Rome axis, and that negotiations over Spain may save British interests in the Mediterranean. In Central Europe the Conservative hope must be that Hitler will next use his dominant position in Hungary and Rumania (where oil is all-important) and wait until the position of Czecho-slovakia is so weak that it must accept his dictation and give up hope from the Franco-Soviet alliance. It is a precarious policy which may land us into war soon, but which, if war is avoided in the near future, means a Nazi Europe, the end of freedom in France and a desperately situated and semi-Fascist Britain. How long Mr. Chamberlain can hold his position in these circumstances we do not know. The Opposition will grow, but with the consciousness that its own foreign policy must become more and more difficult to apply the longer Mr. Chamberlain remains in office. The attitude of Mr. Herbert Morrison, whose week-end speech showed a statesmanlike understanding of the emergency, was not supported at the Party meeting on Wednesday. At the moment the only positive reaction in one of the most fateful weeks of British and European history is to take refuge in blindly piling up vast armaments for war.

Arms and the Men

The Government's campaign for accelerated rearmament was launched on Wednesday at a meeting of the T.U.C. General Council addressed by the Prime Minister in person. Leaving details to be discussed between Sir Thomas Inskip and the engineering Trade Unions, Mr. Chamberlain emphasised the need for a speeding-up of production which would involve double-shift working and a greater measure of "dilution" of labour. The circumstances gave the T.U.C. a great opportunity both to exercise an influence over the Government's foreign

policy and to secure for industrial labour a position which it has not enjoyed since 1921. The T.U.C. could have pointed to the present inefficient co-ordination of the "war" industries, the gross waste and profiteering now unchecked. They could have made their co-operation conditional on the application to armament capital of effective measures of public control and the replacement of Sir Thomas Inskip's amateurish and sketchy department by a well-organised Ministry of Munitions. The opportunity presented itself. We can detect no signs of readiness to grasp it.

Austria Infelix

The Nazification of Austria—a process described by an eye-witness whose account we publish on a later page—has been ruthless, rapid and complete. The Austrian National Bank, railways and army alike have disappeared—assimilated by corresponding German institutions. The currency has been forcibly "synchronised" at the conversion rate of 1.50 schilling to the Reichsmark. Dr. Seyss-Inquart himself is being quietly shoved into the background and almost every key position in Austria occupied by Party officials imported from Germany. Every element of potential opposition is being obliterated by a persecution conducted by S.S. and S.A. guards. To the accompaniment of a pitiful succession of suicides—real or alleged as cover for plain murder—the racial and political purification of Vienna proceeds apace. Meanwhile a combination of military display, terrorism and mass propaganda is being employed to ensure that Austria votes solidly on April 10th in approval of the enlarged freedom which Hitler has given her and to exploit which he is simultaneously asking Germany to give him "another four years."

The Refugees

Mr. Wedgwood made a gallant, if not wholly successful, attempt on Tuesday to secure easier access to this country for Austrian refugees. By 210 to 142 votes the House of Commons refused him leave to introduce a Bill to amend *ad hoc* the Aliens and Naturalisation Acts, but the Home Secretary promised that he would pursue "a policy of offering asylum as far as was practicable." He was anxious, he said, that permission to enter this country should not be refused to "suitable applicants," and he undertook to give "sympathetic consideration" to applications for naturalisation papers from Austrians already temporarily resident here. But the policy of the unconditional open door could not be adopted: social and economic difficulties could not be overlooked. This may well be so. Britain is a densely populated country suffering from chronic under-employment. An unrestricted flood of political and racial immigration might have undesirable reactions in overcrowding and even in "national" resentment against the immigrants. But between a wholesale and indiscriminate influx and the grudging grant of entry to a few score persecuted and desperate emigrés there is a wide gulf. At present a needlessly high percentage of refugees are refused permission to enter—in some cases without sufficient time being accorded them in which to make contact with English friends who would guarantee their *bona fides*. If Sir Samuel Hoare's "sympathy" is to be given practical effect, the Immigration Office, without whose sanction officials at the ports are powerless, will have to be enlarged and the whole system of examination of "suitability" better organised.

Prague and the Minorities

While the Czech Government was working out its scheme to remove the last of the substantial grievances of the German minority, the two middle-class German parties which hitherto had collaborated with it have aligned themselves with the Nazi opposition. The first to go were the German Agrarians, the farmers' party, who have fused outright with the Nazis and accepted Henlein's leadership. The so-called Christian Socialists, the Catholic party, have also withdrawn their Minister from the Prague Cabinet. The Nazis with forty-nine deputies are now the strongest party in the House, and the whole Sudetenland population is now in opposition with the important exception of the Social Democrats with their eleven deputies. This is a heavy blow to the policy of conciliation. Evidently the plan of guaranteeing to the Germans a proportion of all public offices equal to their ratio to the whole population (22 per cent.) will not suffice to placate this minority. It will be content with nothing less than territorial Home Rule, which could only be the first step to secession. It may be that the drastic cure of cession (if demanded by an honest plebiscite) offers the only hope of peace. But a British Government could advise such a surrender only if it were prepared to give a firm guarantee to defend the integrity and independence of the Czech Republic.

Franco's Offensive

Franco's offensive in Aragon has been resumed after a brief pause. The advance now follows three more or less parallel lines from West to East. The long siege of Huesca is ended, and from this point the rebels have advanced six miles in a single day. The purpose of this invasion may be to cut off Catalonia from the French frontier. Again the Ebro has been crossed at a point 25 miles S.E. of Saragossa. Finally, what seems to be the main force is still at Alcaniz, and here the Republic claims some small local successes. It is difficult to hope for any prolonged and effective resistance unless the French should make up their minds to pour in arms and especially planes on a great scale. Franco's success is due solely to a crushing superiority in heavy guns, tanks and especially planes. According to a German airman who crashed, there are 700 German and Italian planes in this offensive, and authoritative lists of men and materials sent by Germany and Italy have been supplied to the British and French Governments. Efforts to extract any information from the Government Front Bench as to these recent flagrant breaches of non-intervention have failed in the House, though the Admiralty concedes that Franco's Navy acquired four destroyers, "believed to be Italian" last autumn. The Pope, though he has acted independently, has at last protested against the bombing of Barcelona.

M. Blum's Difficulties

M. Blum is not having at all an easy time. The financiers will not lend to him, and he is driven to ask for additional power to borrow from the Bank of France and to appropriate the profits of the Exchange Equalisation Account. This, of course, according to the tenets of financial orthodoxy, is "inflationary finance." But what

else is M. Blum to do? Financial orthodoxy is practicable only on the assumption that the financiers play the game. In France they are still entirely refusing to play it, as the continual weakening of the franc plainly shows. In effect, no Government of the Left in France can hope to stand up for long to the financiers unless it is armed with the weapon of exchange control. But the Radical Senators, who are the leading political representatives of high finance, resolutely refuse to concede this power to any Government based on the *Front Populaire*. M. Blum only got his Bank of France proposal through the Chamber by 343 votes to 243; and the Senate has thrown out the Exchange Account proposal. It may be that before long the financiers will have wrecked yet another Government of the Left. And what then? A National Government is still possible, under M. Herriot if not under M. Blum. But will the financiers allow it, on terms which include exchange control? Probably not: yet without exchange control stable government in France is really impossible; and the Senate will obstruct as long as it dares.

Lithuania Yields

The Lithuanians were doubtless wise to bend to the Polish ultimatum, for they could not have resisted the well-equipped and numerous forces of this considerable military Power. Their eighteen years' protest, by closed frontiers and the refusal of diplomatic relations, against the rape of Vilna injured themselves even more than the Poles. Colonel Beck made a soothing speech after this capitulation and hoped for "neighbourly relations." A Polish diplomatic mission has now reached Kovno and the resumption of communications is to be discussed. That may mean an advance towards a more normal way of life in this corner of Europe. But is not Lithuania, after yielding to this show of force, now in effect the vassal of Poland? The question is, then, what mainly does Poland want from her? Probably an alliance, which really means the subordination of Lithuania to Poland's military purposes. To be plain, Lithuania will now become a pawn in the anti-Russian policy of Warsaw and Berlin. Her territory, that is to say, will no longer be available, even under the Covenant, for a Russian march on Prussia. The Axis may have gained yet another strategical position of considerable value.

Autarkie in Italy

On Tuesday Signor Guarneri, the Italian Minister of Foreign Exchange, gave the Italian Chamber a review of the work of his department since its inception a year ago. In view of the renewal of the Anglo-Italian Commercial Agreement, announced last week-end, his report is of considerable interest. It points to an even more drastic limitation of imports, as a means of liquidating outstanding foreign commercial debts, and to a growing concentration of such foreign trade as remains upon countries which are prepared directly to exchange goods for goods. Signor Guarneri claims that this amounts to a "liberation" of the Italian economy from the shackles of the free trade system, by compelling the country to develop its national resources more intensively; and at the same time he suggests that it will lead to an increase in the volume of foreign trade, as more and more bi-lateral exchange agreements come into play. This, is sheer nonsense. For the immediate future, the practical point is that Italy can only liquidate her commercial debts by still further contracting her imports, and that, as Signor Guarneri announced, Italy, having been late in "mobilising" for the control of foreign exchange, is likely "to be the last country to demobilise" by returning to a free system.

The Cotton Bill

The Joint Committee of Cotton Trade Organisations have sent out a circular urging M.P.s to do all they can to secure Government support for the industry's proposed Enabling Bill. The industry, says the Committee, is ready to meet all the points of criticism levelled against its original proposals—especially those relating to the absence of proposals for stimulating the export trade. Since last October, it is pointed out, unemployment in the cotton industry has more than doubled, and is now round about 100,000. But a new difficulty has arisen. The firms producing cotton goods used to be pretty clearly marked off from those in other textile industries, though there was always some production from mixed yarns. But recently cotton and rayon, as well as wool and rayon, have been used to a greatly increased extent in mixed fabrics; and this raises a difficult problem of demarcation. The rayon producers have no desire to be included in an Enabling Act designed to meet the difficulties of the cotton industry; but the complete exclusion of rayon from control would in all probability wreck the entire scheme. The point is of importance, because it is typical of a good many in which changing technique is blurring the older distinctions between industries. In the case of rayon and cotton, the process is bound to go farther; and, if cotton is to be saved by regulation, rayon ought to be regulated too.

British Naval Strength

Parliament is usually inclined to share the opinion of the public that "all's well with the Navy," and the debates on this year's Naval Estimates found the House in a mood distinctly less critical than that in which it had listened to the Air Ministry's account of its performance and promises. It accepted the Admiralty view that the five 35,000-ton battleships mounting 14-inch guns now under construction will represent an adequate reinforcement to our strength for fleet action, and it did not dissent from the proposal to defer decision as to the tonnage and gun-power of the two additional battleships sanctioned under the 1938 programme until more is known of Japan's building intentions. The issue on which Mr. Churchill and other critics fastened—not without point—was the absence of destroyers in the new programme. Admittedly we have forty destroyers under construction or ordered; but the three Axis Powers together have a much superior submarine strength to set against an Anglo-French combination at sea, and a considerable proportion of our destroyers are old vessels. Given the need to patrol trade routes and protect convoys in the event of war, there is force in the contention that immediate naval policy should aim at production of defensive units which can be completed with relative speed and should not be unduly concerned with the sizes of new capital ships which take four or five years to build and commission.

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WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO?

DURING the last six years of growing international disaster this journal has consistently tried to say three things. First, that the policy of the British Government in China, Abyssinia, Central Europe and Spain has been due, not to lack of force at its disposal—we were three times as strong in League partnership as we are to-day and are still twice as strong as we shall be in isolation, even with all the rearmament possible—but to the fear of the British ruling classes for their propertied position, their dislike of association with the U.S.S.R., and their preference for deals with the aggressive Powers rather than for solidarity with the popular forces that would resist them. Secondly, we have tried to explain that this was a disastrous policy, not only for the mass of citizens, who want peace and democracy, but also in the long run for the ruling class itself. Blinded by prejudice, our rulers have only just begun to realise the danger to themselves and their interests involved in a partnership with Fascist States. Thirdly, that in this struggle it is the duty of all those who value civilisation and democracy to back with all their might the forces, wherever they may be found, which oppose that peculiar form of oppressive barbarism we call Fascism; above all, that they should never be deceived by the national cry into thinking that they were opposing Fascism when they were supporting a National Government which, while often afraid of Fascist Powers, proves at every test to prefer their partnership to their enmity.

The complication of this analysis has always arisen from the fact that some of our rulers have seen the danger to their own interests of compliance with Fascist advance. A few became alive to the danger during the Abyssinian dispute with Mussolini. There was a chance then, the greatest chance of our generation, of preventing war without war. During the last eighteen months of the Spanish war our rulers have preferred the risks of a Fascist Spain under the domination of Germany and Italy, with all that that implies to the national security of France and Britain, to the far smaller risk of supporting the democratic forces. They have chosen a different policy, which amounts to handing Europe over to Germany and Italy in the hope that Britain will be allowed to get off scot-free, while Germany prepares her plans in Central and South-Eastern Europe in readiness for an eventual attack on Soviet Russia. Last week was a crucial week because some Conservatives, led by Mr. Churchill, who had been gradually seeing the danger to British interests in following this policy, suddenly became violently aware that Britain would very soon become a second-class Power, helpless to defend herself against a Europe dominated by Nazi Germany. The resignation of Mr. Eden, who had become uncertainly but increasingly aware of the situation during the last year, and who resigned rather than make a bargain which would leave Italy in occupation of vital parts of Spain, had been a rude blow to their complacency; Hitler in Vienna and Barcelona in flames completed their disillusion.

For a few days this group looked strong enough to break up the National Government and might have been willing to co-operate in an emergency Government to prevent the Fascist occupation of Spain. Therefore the only realistic policy for democrats was to further the formation of such a Government, and, putting aside for the time their fundamental differences with Mr. Churchill and his group, to unite to stop the rot. That opportunity has passed. Mr. Chamberlain will presumably hold his party together a little while longer—perhaps until it is too late to save the democratic cause in Spain, or the British position in the Mediterranean. He is at present continuing conversations with Italy, the substance of which is an agreement on spheres of influence in the Mediterranean—at most a very temporary and precarious arrangement on behalf of British interests at the price of further compliance with Fascist advance elsewhere.

My object last week was to state the immediate choice for the Opposition in the clearest possible terms. On the one side to accept the risks of alliance with those who only agreed on the immediate issue, and to hope that such an alliance would make Hitler pause and consider reasonable terms of settlement; on the other side to leave Mr. Chamberlain in power while a Nazi Europe grows stronger and an isolated Britain grows weaker, and the democratic and working class cause is lost both here and on the Continent. I pointed out that to acquiesce in Mr. Chamberlain's policy would only be intelligible if we could believe that the National Government really intended to allow England to become a second-class Power and retire from the struggle, but that since it is certain that it will eventually try to defend its position, the actual result would be a war fought probably after surrendering everything worth preserving in European civilisation. It seemed to me desirable to pose this choice in the most definite possible form.

The question remains to-day of the future action of Labour people, Liberals, and all those unattached but often influential groups who really mind about democracy and are prepared to stand against the rush into barbarism. Last week it was possible that the split in the Conservatives would be enough to make it our duty to unite with Mr. Churchill in a last minute effort. It was a moment for making up our minds. Provided that we had real guarantees that something would be done for Spain, it was right to drop for the time our deep objections to such an alliance. If we will the end, we must will the means; and such a combination of political forces was the only means at our disposal. The policy now favoured in the Opposition was put forward by Mr. Elliott in last week's issue of *Reynolds*. It will try to gather together an influential Opposition not exclusively Labour but led by Labour, and to refuse, whatever the blandishments, any kind of co-operation with the National Government. Last week a purely Party attitude was unwise because its effect was to cement behind Mr. Chamberlain the forces which might have split the Tory party. The probability now is a short further period of Mr. Chamberlain with a steadily growing split behind the scenes in the Tory ranks, while the European situation deteriorates and we spend our substance on armaments not to serve the causes which any Socialist or democrat stands for, but to be used in making bargains which sacrifice our friends and ultimately land us in a hopeless fight for any British interests that remain.

The great danger is that on a plea of national peril, which will indeed become only too real the longer Mr. Chamberlain remains in power, official Labour may be

gradually cajoled into a position of tacit support or of merely ineffective criticism of the Government. In this week's conference about rearmament the Trade Union leaders have had the opportunity of vitally affecting the future of Britain. They could refuse to modify Trade Union practices for a government and a policy which outrages their fundamental beliefs. They could truthfully say that the blind demand for rearmament is just the automatic reaction of fear from the Hitler menace; that the situation is only worse, if we, like the Germans, get on to a full war basis without any constructive policy; that what is wanted is not vast force nor bellicosity nor the compliance to Fascist aggression shown by the Chamberlain Government, but a quiet, yet firm, intimation that Britain stands with the other peaceful Powers against any further armed aggression, but is prepared to discuss with Hitler any further European adjustments that he holds necessary and to negotiate with him for a general settlement. Such an attitude would work to-day with the present power at our disposal, for Hitler certainly does not want war with a United Britain, France and Russia, while he will laugh at our efforts at settlement, however much we rearm, if we are left in isolation. The article which we publish this week from Mr. Keynes outlines the kind of policy which the Labour movement might make the condition of co-operation with any future Government. But in saying this let us remember the tragic fact that no one can look more than a few weeks ahead in Europe to-day, that Spain may soon be a lost cause and that the domination by Germany over South-Eastern Europe is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact. Soon we shall be confronted with a situation in which no Government, however wise and determined, can set itself any positive peace programme in Europe. In that tragic event the Government that follows the Chamberlain administration will have to shape its course and rewrite its policy in an inescapable background of virtual British isolation.

There is not much time in which to stem the tide. The Opposition has been consistently right in foreign policy and innumerable people who now see this for the first time are eager for a lead, eager to co-operate in establishing a Government with a peace policy for the emergency. That can only be done in the short time that remains if the Trade Union, Labour and Liberal leaders refuse to be content any longer with ineffective criticism and actually refuse co-operation until they have a government with a positive peace programme. If they lose this opportunity of resistance they will find themselves before long called upon in the name of national emergency to fall in once again behind a National War Government, as Labour leaders did here and in Germany in 1914. That would indeed be to drain to the dregs the urn of bitter prophecy.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A POSITIVE PEACE PROGRAMME

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

OUR troubles are of our own making and our errors were obvious at the time when we made them. The guilt of the Treaty, of French policy for ten years after that and of our own weakness and betrayals since then, we all now acknowledge. But behind this there has been at work another cause of undoing, where we have been, not guilty, but deceived. We have assumed that a negative pacifism, backed by no sanctions and supported by no definite undertakings, would prevail against a positive militarism, whenever and wherever that might arise. If we now look back, is it not evident that positive militarism was sure to arise somewhere at some time? With a slightly different turn of events it would have come, not from Germany, but from Russia. The Japanese aggression is largely independent of European totalitarianism. Negative pacifism was most unlikely to stand any severe strain. We have been relying on an illusion.

With the instrument of negative pacifism broken in their hands, the Prime Minister and his group seek for Peace, it seems, "in a secret cave." Their policy is not lightly to be rejected. To gain time, to avoid at all costs any risk of war, how much there is to be said for it! To keep our own liberties and lives and happiness intact, to attain true isolation in a disastrous world, withdrawing to our secret caves from Cornwall to Orkney as to a cloister, how willingly, and perhaps rightly, would many of us retreat. But if the Prime Minister gathers to his support those whom a withdrawal instinctively attracts, he gains followers who do not belong to him, and whom he deceives. For this is not what he means. He has not decided, once and for all, to abandon British power in the Mediterranean and to surrender without resistance the more vulnerable portions of the British Empire. Far from it. He is not escaping the risks of war. He is only making sure that, when it comes, we shall have no friends and no common cause. He is forgetting the imponderables of the world, the power of courageous bearing, the majesty of right action, the comfort and stiffening to our friends of faithful words and counsel. He is leaving all the imponderables to the other side, allowing them to exploit the foreseen and the inevitable for purposes of terror and prestige. Yet what a response an act of constructive statesmanship would evoke! Is it impossible to build a bridge between "I dare not" and "I would"? What would one do if one had the power?

There is no middle position to-day between non-resistance and a *positive* pacifism. Within the scope of the existing League of Nations we must, therefore, set out to construct a new European pact open to all the European members of the League, who would give definite undertakings to one another and the power to act by the voice of the majority; since we know by experience that a League with no definite sanctions and a *liberum veto* for each member is useless. The constitution of such a European League could be extremely simple. For example, the three major League Powers, Great Britain, France and Russia, would have 10 votes each; Poland and Czecho-Slovakia four votes each; Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian and the Balkan countries two votes each; the Baltic States and Spanish Provinces one vote each. All the members, subject

to the safeguards which follow, would bind themselves to abide by a majority vote as to the fact or imminence of aggression involving two European powers, the appropriate action to avert or meet it, and all other matters, following in general the procedure and principles of the existing League, without, however, any specific guarantee of the *status quo*. It is not essential that all the eligible Powers should adhere from the outset. The Pact should begin to function with the three major Powers and any others who were ready to join.

If our politicians mean anything by their lip-service to Collective Security, they have a duty to make some such proposal as this. But there is one urgent matter which they must settle first. The British and French governments, out of regard both to their own and to the general interest, must demand an immediate armistice in Spain and a negotiated peace on the basis of the independence of Catalonia and the Basque Provinces; and, in the event of refusal, there should be an end of "non-intervention" and a free hand to France with our full support. The time has come, on every ground of humanity and policy and the state of public opinion, to end the Spanish War. Does anyone doubt it?

It is also a necessary preliminary to new guarantees that Czecho-Slovakia should at least attempt to negotiate with Germany a reasonable solution of the problem of the Sudeten Germans, even if this means a rectification of the Bohemian frontier. Racial frontiers are safer and better to-day than geo-physical frontiers. But such things will give us no enduring relief except as facilitating a new European Pact, and to the details of this Pact let us now return.

The sanctions attaching to the new Pact would be of three orders. The first, financial assistance and the rupture of relations. The second, a blockade. The third, a full military alliance. But the smaller powers with less than four votes should not be committed to join in any sanctions without their own assent in the particular case. The members of the Pact amongst themselves would, of course, accept the results of arbitration, endorsed by a majority vote of the members, in all matters of dispute between them, including frontiers, renouncing altogether the instrument of war. Their general staffs would be in regular collaboration with particular reference to air defence and blockade. But they should be concerned not less with the arts of peace and aim at becoming the nucleus of a new system of freedom in trade and intercourse, so that to be a citizen of the European League would be to enjoy again the old personal liberties. We ourselves should offer on reciprocal terms freedom of trade, freedom of investment, freedom of remittance, and freedom of the movement and employment of individuals, or, failing that, trade and currency agreements going as far as practicable in these directions; subject only to safeguards relating to wholesale or abnormal movements of capital or population. There should be an offer to Germany to make organised arrangements for all German and Austrian Jews who wish to migrate and be naturalised elsewhere.

What would be the relation of the new League to the old League? The new League would be the first-born offspring of the old, domiciled at Geneva, dwelling in amity in its parent's house, sharing all common interests and activities. But the old League should be relieved of its inoperative organs. The articles relating to sanctions should go and all European problems should be handled in the first instance by the new League. When the European League decided to act, the members of the old League, including the British Dominions, would be invited of their own free will to participate in the decision. The hope would be for the blessing of other offspring, in particular an American League, headed by the United States and limited in membership to the American continents; and perhaps in due course a Pacific League, an African League, a League of Middle and Nearer Asia.

None of these proposals is dangerous. Their whole object is the avoidance of war. We are suffering to-day from the worst of all diseases, the paralysis of will. And nothing can be more dangerous than that. We have become incapable of constructive policy or decisive action. We are without conviction, without foresight, without a resolute will to protect what we care for. We just re-arm a little more, grovel a little more, and wait to see what happens. We mutter the necessity for Collective Security and do not lift a finger to achieve it. Our strength is great, but our statesmen have lost the capacity to appear formidable. It is in that loss that our greatest danger lies. Our power to win a war may depend on increased armaments. But our power to avoid a war depends not less on our recovering that capacity to appear formidable, which is a quality of will and demeanour.

Mr. Churchill understands this vital element of policy, but Mr. Chamberlain seems to forget it. The Dictators appear much more formidable, the Democratic Powers much less formidable, than they really are. It is the reversal of that position which will serve most effectively to preserve the peace. If we want to lure the adversary to his destruction, let us sharpen our teeth and silence our snarl. But if we wish to keep him at a distance, the lion's roar is worth more than his power to spring.

We are learning to honour more than formerly the achievements of our predecessors and the Christian civilisation and fundamental laws of conduct which they established in a savage world. We are seeing and enduring events, worse than which have not been seen and endured since man became himself. If we still recognise the difference, not merely between peace and war, but between good and evil and between right and wrong, we need to rouse up and shake ourselves and offer leadership.

J. M. KEYNES

THE RAPE OF VIENNA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT NOW IN ZURICH]

I HAVE been privileged to witness one of the most frightful acts of violence perpetrated under the pretence of "peaceful liberation" that modern history can show. Vienna on Saturday, the day after the collapse of Schuschnigg's Government, was a completely transformed city. It was as if the old Vienna, which, even in the days of darkness that fell upon it after 1933, one had not been able to cease to love because it remained itself in spite of everything, had been wiped out overnight with one sweep of history's sponge. German bombing planes roared incessantly overhead, pouring in from the north-west in ever-increasing numbers, and circling low and repeatedly over all districts of the city; they were greeted with frenzied delight by the Nazi supporters who thronged the streets, but one can imagine that in many factories and apartment houses of the outer districts they provoked a different thought, precisely the thought they were there to provoke—that even the slightest resistance was useless. I have heard people say that they

couldn't sleep all the first few nights they were there. They acted, in fact, as a form of third degree peculiarly crushing to the impressionable and pacifist-minded Viennese. Their ominous droning was reinforced by the rumble of the German troops, the lorries, the gun-carriages, the tanks, that very soon after began to roll through all the main streets.

All Sunday this movement went on, was increased; no wonder, the dykes were down and the sea was pouring in. The troops had arrived to liberate the oppressed Austrians—so the press, *gleichgeschaltet* with almost unbelievable rapidity, deliriously proclaimed. But as still more troops appeared, and still more aeroplanes, and busload after busload of German schupos and German frontier police and German gendarmes and German S.S., this liberation began to look a little strange even to some of those who had celebrated most boisterously on Friday night. By Sunday night all the biggest hotels had been cleared of their normal guests and were filled with German officers and their staffs, except the Imperial for which a higher honour was reserved, that of receiving (after a total fumigation of guests and personnel) Adolf Hitler himself. It was almost impossible to find a place in the restaurants of the Inner Town, so crowded out were they with German uniforms, while in the proletarian districts house-maids and shop-girls were already swooning on the arms of their blond deliverers from the North. By Thursday those who had told one that all this was just to make a suitable parade for Hitler's triumphal entry, were reduced to silence. Walking down the Ring one saw every evidence that the Germans considered themselves the masters of a conquered country. The Reichswehr flag waved over the sentry-guarded Grand Hotel where the German General staff was quartered, and still troops were thundering by in their camouflaged lorries and vans. Placed there suddenly without any knowledge of what had happened, one could only have imagined that the front was a few dozen miles away, and that war was already raging. And if one did know, there was only one thought possible—when will it begin?

Austria had ceased to exist. But not only that, Austrians had ceased to have any say in their own affairs. It was—within the space of less than a week—the German army, the German police, the German S.S., the German politicians who were running the place. The famous incident on the Ballhausplatz, when foreign journalists and Austrian staff-officers were held prisoners during Hitler's speech, crystallised the position. Shouts of *Sieg Heil!* were still re-echoing through the streets from the marching processions of Austrian Nazis, but there were already signs that in more than one section of the population doubts were beginning to insinuate themselves. "It can't last"—"This is the beginning of a war"—"It's all over with us Austrians now, and for good"—these remarks were to be heard, and not from Jews, nor Marxists, nor Monarchists, but ordinary business and working-people. Admittedly not from the very young, who were still racing about, at twice the normal Viennese speed, in their new uniforms and newly commandeered cars, on "official" business. Yet even there, all was not well; some had begun to scratch their heads, and wonder why the Germans were getting all the plums. Worse still, the German troops, asked in fervent tones whether they didn't find Vienna lifeless and empty after the joys of Berlin and Munich, drily replied that there wasn't any life at all in Berlin, and that food seemed to be a good deal more abundant in the beleaguered city they had just saved, not to mention the difference in prices. They even—horror of horrors—pointed to the smart and bewilderingly varied uniforms of the German Party officials as they whirled past, and called the owners parasites. I can vouch myself for at least two cases where it was a German soldier who gave the first cold douche to the Austrian enthusiast.

Many correspondents have commented on the sinister change that seemed to have come over the Austrian character in twenty-four hours. I experienced this myself in many cafés and restaurants, and most of all out in the country; and the stories of the contemptuousness and ruthlessness of the new officials towards foreigners at the frontiers have not been exaggerated. It is far from true of all Austrians even so, but there is no doubt that at the moment the middle-classes as a whole and their hangers-on are suffering from a sort of megalomania; perhaps it is only to be expected since they have been citizens of a small and defenceless country for so long. The rumours and the chatter that one hears in the trams and shops are fantastic. The return of South Tirol was being openly celebrated at one moment; I overheard one man explaining to another—after a jubilant description how two Jewish stands in the big Market Hall had been sacked—that Slovenia would be the next addition to Greater Germany ("They're all Germans there!") and that the Jugoslavs anyway had only got hold of the country because the priests had supplied them with rifles to shoot from the church-towers. I heard an excited baker's wife telling a tobacconist that the swine Schuschnigg had actually intended to make the school-children vote openly in their classrooms (it is well known that no one under 24 was to have had a vote); there was no limit to credulity or hatred in those days.

While the "Aryan" middle-classes and the *Lumpenproletariat* were celebrating their triumph, the terror was getting to work with merciless speed. If they had not decided to make a last stand for Schuschnigg, Socialists and Jews could have escaped. As it was, they were caught like rats in a trap by the lightning invasion, and were all the more marked because they had come out in the open as opponents of the Nazis only twenty-four hours before. The news that a Government spokesman in the House of Commons had talked about assurances from the German Government that they would be mild in their treatment of Austrian Jews, Catholics, and Marxists, sounded like news from Bedlam after one had seen with one's own eyes and heard with one's own ears what was happening to them. All ideas that they would be treated in an "Austrian" fashion proved completely miscalculated. The Germans were in charge and proceeded in German style. The desperate dash for the frontier was unavailing except in a tiny minority of cases, not only because the Nazis were leaving no loopholes but also because nearly all surrounding countries pusillanimously refused admittance to the émigrés. The scenes of agonised farewell at the Vienna stations were only exceeded by the scenes of arrest, indignity, and plunder at the frontiers. Night after night in all districts the visitations went on, the S.S. dealing with the "political enemies," and frequently taking the ambulance with them, the S.A. with the Jews. Hundreds were hauled off to prison and have not been heard of since, thousands had their money taken from them, including nearly all the famous psycho-analysts and intellectuals; shops were rifled, windows smashed, cars simply stolen from their owners and taken off for a drunken party with the proceeds of the raid. It is true that a large riff-raff of the population concealed itself under brown shirts in the first few days to plunder for plunder's sake, but since the Nazis officially forbade it, it has, to my knowledge, gone on unchecked. I can vouch for at least three cases, in the 2nd, 3rd, and 10th districts where Jews were made to wash out "Vote Yes for Schuschnigg!" from the pavements while Nazis stood round jeering and cursing. The plight of Vienna's enormous Jewish population is indescribable. One Jew ran into a café near the Central Telegraph Office, screaming *Heil Hitler*, and brandishing a knife with which he slashed at several people before cutting his own throat. Hundreds and hundreds of others have made a less spectacular end to a life grown intolerable and insane. An equally horrible fate awaits the known leaders of the workers; thousands are moving from sleeping-place to sleeping-place every night, hunted and haunted by the thought that they will most likely be sent to Dachau if caught—and if alive after their first treatment.

And was there no resistance at all, will be asked? It may seem, from England, almost incredible after the display of support for Schuschnigg as late as Friday afternoon among the organised workers, not to mention the Catholics, Jews, Monarchists and liberal-minded non-political people of every sort. But in England the pitch which the organisation of

terror has reached on the Continent is unknown. I have already mentioned the effect of the aeroplanes and troops; armed guards on Saturday morning already in the factories were another measure which decided the workers to hang out their Nazi flags and the unemployed to do the same in the hope of work after years of misery. Remember that on Thursday the *Internationale* was being openly sung in hundreds of workers' meetings, and the greeting of *Freiheit* was heard even on the Kaerntnerstrasse: it will help you to assess the value of the Nazi flags that hang even from the proletarian windows of the Goethe-Hof to-day. And what Government could be sure of its police force after witnessing the lightning change-over of the Viennese police, that "finest police-force in the world?" Perhaps even Hitler's henchmen will begin to have their doubts soon. But whatever happens now to the unhappy Austrians, it is clear that their freedom can only be gained in the future as part of the freedom of the whole of Greater Germany. Vienna is now not only a conquered, but a provincial town.

March 17th, 1938.

PARIS IN THE CRISIS

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

IN the midst of last week's serious military crisis in Spain, Premier Negrin slipped into Paris incognito. (It is characteristic of this highly civilised Spaniard that an American friend one day came upon him in Brentano's buying books.) But France had no Government, and then she got Blum. The two Socialist Prime Ministers met, and there is no doubt that Blum, conscious of his invidious role as one of the fathers of "non-intervention," wanted to atone for the deaths and destruction in Spain which this policy has caused.

"Wanted" but has not yet, and all rumours about vast French arms shipments to the Loyalists boil down to a few old cannon and a handful of aeroplanes. Soviet artillery is crossing into Catalonia in greater volume and the French have promised unhampered transit to several shiploads of Russian bombers and fighters. These are the concrete gains of the last week. In principle, French "non-intervention" is dead. Actually, French aid is still ludicrously inadequate.

The Republican army to-day is well supplied with small weapons, but has practically no first line bombers, only a third as many pursuit planes as the rebels, and too little artillery to conduct a large-scale war. In the last three weeks, Germany and Italy have poured in endless streams of aeroplanes and artillery and thousands of men. What the Loyalists possess, what they can manufacture and the limited quantities they can import by devious routes no longer suffice to cope with Franco's augmented armaments.

When every day is pregnant with serious military reverses for the Loyalists, the Socialist Government of Léon Blum has again exposed the Spanish government to the mercies of Hitler and Mussolini. Working-class resentment against Blum grows fast. But France has not yet decided definitely not to act. The pressure on the Cabinet from the military, the trade unions, and certain bourgeois circles is a major factor in the French internal and international situations. The rebels' menacing Aragon offensive has pointed the moral of Austria and placed the threat to Czechoslovakia in its correct setting. This conjuncture of unhappy circumstances convinces an increasing number of Frenchmen that Spain constitutes a vital French problem.

France could do nothing about Austria except conceal her fright. The only official reaction was a public repetition of the pledge to Czechoslovakia. But with Germany and Italy in Spain this pledge is worthless. The Czechs, the Russians and a handful of astute French publicists did not hesitate to make this devastating estimate of Blum's bravest gesture. Moreover, the General Staff is peculiarly sensitive to anything that happens in Catalonia, and the fact that a Germano-Italian puppet generalissimo's army approached France's vulnerable south-eastern boundary at the very moment when the Austrian coup converted French assets in Central Europe into military liabilities sowed panic in Paris. France's strategic position has become most unenviable. But the reactions to this disastrous development have been varied. Some anti-Fascists, a group of generals, several radical-Socialist leaders, and others demanded immediate occupation of Minorca and Catalonia. There was talk of investing Franco's Morocco. It is rumoured—we have been deluged with rumours—that Paul-Boncour spoke with the British Ambassador Phipps of these plans and the Englishman of course held up his hands in holy horror. The idea of direct army and navy intervention is dead or shelved, but its mere birth reflects how seriously the situation was viewed. The reactionary *Le Journal* (reported here to be in the pay of Mussolini), shouted "We will revolt" if France marches, and pusillanimous Government leaders, visibly suffering under a terrific nervous strain, saw visions of civil war in France if they attempted to end the civil war in Spain.

As an alternative, it was suggested to send heavy material assistance to the Loyalists. Here the French, more than ever a nation of meticulous accountants, began to check up on available goods and said they discovered a serious deficiency in just what the Loyalists needed—aeroplanes and artillery. If this is being used as an excuse it is also at least partly true. Jouhaux, who speaks for five million working men, went to Blum and declared that the workers in the armaments industries would produce more if they knew that some of the arms might go to Spain, and the Paris Metallurgical Trade Union promised an hour's unpaid overtime per day if the weapons produced in that period were sold to the Loyalists. The Russians probably indicated that they would, in a few weeks, make good to the French anything sent the Loyalists in these crucial days, and unofficial Americans hinted that the French might easily replenish their stocks by purchases in America just as the Italians and Germans have done. But Government chiefs sighed, wrung their hands and made pathetic avowals of their love for Loyalist Spain. Conveniently, stories were circulated—by whom?—about an impending German mobilisation, and Paris wished to know whether England would help should Germany attack while France was temporarily depleting her arsenals to save the Spanish Republic and herself. If Neville Chamberlain was asked, his reply is not difficult to imagine.

Blum is tired, and fatigue accentuates the intellectual's normal tendency to find additional reasons for doing nothing. Daladier, a possible successor, would do more than Blum can, and Herriot, who is holding himself in reserve, could do more than Daladier would. Flandin vetoes a strong Government of National Union because it would have enough popular support to venture overt assistance to the Loyalists, and the Socialists and Communists will only join such a Ministry if it helps Spain. France is divided and pacifist, and the young men basking in the glorious spring sunshine with their girls think how terrible it would be to have to go to the trenches. This attitude makes policy. A remnant of the bourgeoisie still hopes that after the rebel victory Hitler and Mussolini will give Franco an affectionate farewell kiss, and bow in the French and the British, while a majority of the owning classes, better capitalists than Frenchmen, would apparently rather see the Spanish Left crushed than France safe.

All observers agree that most of these difficulties would immediately disappear if the so-called anti-Chamberlain revolt created the possibility of British approval for French action in Spain. Internal political hurdles would be lowered by a smile from London. The next scene in the Spanish drama will be enacted in the Parliament of Westminster. Franco's military time schedule, however, is not fixed in accordance with foreign parliamentary debates or ministerial alignments. The need is quite urgent. In two months, very likely, adjustments in French political life and military affairs would warrant wide assistance to the Loyalists. But should the Loyalists lose ground in the interval even friends might contend that it is too late to help. And if, while the French and British waste valuable time, Hitler, to aid Mussolini in Spain and himself

everywhere, marches into Czechoslovakia or establishes a *gleichgeschaltet* Hungary?

I was in Madrid in November, 1936, when its fall seemed inevitable. The bourgeois Republicans fled first, and the cabinet followed them. But a Socialist-Communist junta rescued the capital, and since then its unyielding resistance has become a symbol to an apathetic democratic world. Despite a similar internal constellation, Barcelona maintains a wonderful spirit under a murderous rain of explosives. The martyred Spanish people is yet capable of miraculous effort. But man, in the long run, is powerless against mounting accumulations of modern technical arms, and Hitler and Mussolini want a quick conclusion of the Spanish war so that they may hunt elsewhere. International peace and everything treasured by decent human beings are at stake in Spain. Yet the Governments of France and Britain are paralysed; they stack the cards for war in the hope of prolonging peace a little longer and ultimately because they abhor the social implications of Loyalist Spain. But everything is still possible in Spain, France and Britain.

AMERICA LOOKS AT ENGLAND

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE visitor to America who hopes to find, in the one continent which may be regarded as secure from military attack, a greater degree of tranquility and detachment from the conflicts of the world than is possible elsewhere, will be gravely disappointed. Far from being mentally isolated the people of the United States seem far more acutely aware than the average Englishman of the tension in international affairs and the dangers which are inherent in the present situation. They have a much more heightened sense of the immediate prospect of impending world war. The causes of this curious paradox whereby those who are most remote from the danger have the greatest sense of its proximity, is to be ascribed partly to the more intense vividness of life in U.S.A. and to the dramatic or melodramatic keying-up of news in the press and over the air; and partly to the efforts of the remarkable corps of foreign correspondents serving the leading newspapers and news agencies, whose despatches give one the impression of having been written from the edge of a volcano in the earlier stages of an eruption.

It is difficult to think of any subject of greater ultimate moment to Great Britain than the attitude of the American people towards the international situation. The most conspicuous factor is the strength of the anti-Fascist feeling in the U.S.A., not merely in New York and the East, but in the Middle West and the West. Even those pillars of reaction, the Hearst papers and the *Chicago Tribune*, are outspokenly anti-Nazi to-day. The March of Time film on *Germany*, 1937, had to be shown with the utmost circumspection and was violently hissed at the theatre in Boston where I saw it. When Mr. Chamberlain was shown on the newsreels after his decision to come to terms with Mussolini, he too was loudly hissed and Mr. Eden was cheered.

The anti-Fascist feeling of which I speak is by no means confined to Liberal or Socialist circles, or to the intelligentsia of the Left. It is strongly held by millions of staunch Republicans, by bankers who hate Mr. Roosevelt and all his works, and by industrialists who detest Mr. Lewis and the C.I.O. Its origin lies deeper than the traditional love of peace, the dislike of militarism and the belief in economic welfare which all Americans have and the feeling for liberty which prevails even among those who disparage Mr. Hoover's ideal of "rugged individualism." At bottom there is an unconscious or semi-conscious feeling that the Nazi doctrine of blood and soil would be utterly destructive of everything America stands for, if it were to make headway across the Atlantic. For despite the inequality of racial or cultural groups which has always prevailed in the new world, the civilisation of the United States is nevertheless based fundamentally on the idea of the unity of mankind. The notion of the melting pot derives essentially from the ideal of universal brotherhood of the Enlightenment. Another point of great importance is the extreme susceptibility of many Central and South American countries to Fascist doctrines. Thus it comes about that although from a military standpoint America is impregnable, the U.S.A. is ideologically far more vulnerable than Great Britain, owing to the heterogenous composition of her people. The strenuous efforts which the Nazi Government is making, through such bodies as the German-American Bund, to impregnate and organise the twenty million German-Americans into an instrument of resistance against American participation in another European war against Germany, are of course disguised under patriotic American slogans. But their purpose is clear. There are at least twenty training camps on the Nazi model now in operation. The one in Connecticut was forced out of the State by the passing of a zoning law! The subject of these organisations is now under official inquiry by the Federal Government.

For these and cognate reasons, the people of the United States are dimly aware, below the surface of their consciousness, that the defeat of Fascism is necessary for their own welfare. They project the burden of this task of defeating the Fascist dictatorships in military terms on to the unwilling shoulders of Great Britain. It is easy to do this on the plane of rational argument because the military dangers and necessities of Britain and the British Empire are obvious and indisputable. But a true interpretation would see the American people desiring us to fight her ideological battles for her in Europe just as we should like to see the U.S.A. fight our military antagonist in the Far East.

The American public is, however, unable to comprehend its own feelings in regard to the European situation. The simplest escape from the complexity of the international and psychological problem is to advocate isolationism; and large numbers of influential politicians and publicists, ranging from Senator Borah on the Right to Charles Beard on the Left, are simple isolationists. Why pull England's chestnuts out of the fire? Quincey Howe's book, *England Expects Every American Will Do His Duty*, epitomises this attitude at its crudest. And if Lord Beaverbrook can sell his newspapers on a policy of advising Englishmen not to fight "for" France or "for" Czechoslovakia or "for" Abyssinia or any other foreign country, how much more plausible must it sound to American ears to argue that the United States can and should keep clear of other people's troubles several thousand miles away.

There is nevertheless a tremendous amount of latent sympathy for the Western democracies in their hour of danger: a longing to see them up and doing, vigorous and alert to meet the enemy in the breach rather than waiting passively for further disasters. And, above all, a longing to help England and France, at any rate morally and economically—if only they would seem worthy of help. Even in the political sphere the Neutrality Act would have the effect of helping the countries which have command of the seas—which after all means England; and President Roosevelt has gone as far as he possibly could in outspoken denunciation of the war-mongers.

If British foreign policy in recent years had been expressly directed by Hitler and Mussolini—as in a sense it has—it could scarcely have been more effectively designed to alienate, frustrate, disperse and defeat the contingent goodwill of the American people and the desire of their Government to co-operate with the democracies in an effort to uphold the ideals of peace and freedom, and to resist aggression and lawlessness in the international sphere. In every major event since 1931 English foreign policy has seemed to the watchful American public either ignoble or stupid, or both ignoble and stupid. Manchukuo, the unrequited destruction of Locarno, Abyssinia, the sabotaging of the League, Spain—in each case Great Britain appears to American eyes to have played a disingenuous and unintelligent role. Our attitude in the Spanish war above all else astonishes and perplexes the American citizen. With the possible exception of the Catholics, virtually the whole

of the U.S. is solidly in favour of the Spanish Government. Neither the man in Wall Street nor the man in Main Street can understand the suicidal foolishness of Great Britain and France in assisting their own most dangerous opponents to establish a Fascist régime in the peninsula under cover of the absurd farce of non-intervention. If we are afraid of war to the extent of being willing to lose key positions rather than fight to maintain them, Americans draw the inference that such weakness or cowardice betokens a decline in vitality which must be fundamental. Mr. Walter Lippman, the well-known Conservative journalist, has recently been explaining to large audiences in Chicago that the British Empire is in decline and hence the U.S.A. must commence to assume new responsibilities commensurate with her world importance.

The shipping overboard of Mr. Eden had an appalling effect across the Atlantic. He alone seemed to stand for something like principle; and Mr. Chamberlain's decision to do a deal with Mussolini at any price has blurred the distinction between the behaviour of democracy and dictatorship which cannot easily be redrawn. The recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia will be a disaster of the first magnitude. It must not be forgotten that the United States has had a long experience of gangsterism in domestic affairs; and the answer to Dillinger was not an invitation to lunch at the White House or to negotiate with the President, but the revolver and the determination of a G-man.

British prestige and influence in the U.S. will sink lower and lower so long as our Government continues to make the alleged absence of American co-operation the excuse for its own pusillanimous policy. France doubtless puts the blame for her own weakness and foolishness on to England's refusal to support anything stronger; and we in turn shift the burden across the Atlantic. Does this pitiable display of evasiveness convince anyone?

The only possibility of capturing American sympathy is by means of an international democratic front based on resistance to aggression, respect for international law, the defence of freedom, and the redress of genuine grievances. The conception of the people of the U.S.A. as a nation of hard-headed materialists is quite false so far as international dealings are concerned. They are idealistic, emotional and capable of unique generosity if treated honestly and frankly. Unfortunately, no one in the present British Cabinet seems to have the faintest knowledge of the American people or their springs of action. On the Conservative side Mr. Churchill alone seems to be even aware of the transatlantic community.

A LONDON DIARY

"EXTRAORDINARY," said a friend, "how they are doing a Duke of Windsor over this situation." I saw what he meant. Cover it all up at all costs. Deny that there has ever been a crisis in the National Government, just as they pretended after the abdication that nothing had happened to the British monarchy. The *Times* is masterly; its selection of correspondence designed to suggest that Mr. Chamberlain and the policy of drift are completely satisfying to the Tories; its leaders the most saccharine of soothing syrup. Of course the *Times* never goes to the lengths of the *Observer*. With the ghastly tragedy of the Jews and Socialists and Liberals of Austria actually enacted under its eyes, the *Observer* headed the news from its Vienna correspondent: "*Austria Normal. Ready for Tourists.*" How much of the England of Burke and Fox and Gladstone has fallen as low as this?

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Vienna and Barcelona have shaken England to the very core. Suddenly people have realised that this bombing business is not fantasy but real and that across the way, as it were, there is a government which is prepared to use overwhelming force to end the independence of a quiet neighbour. Few people have really faced it before: it is historically true that no one in England ever gets warlike or dreams of war until at least thirty years after the end of the last. Every man who really saw the last war is a pacifist. How has it happened that this horror has come again so much sooner than anyone expected? One reason I see now is that in Germany the older generation which knew the last war no longer counts. That great restraining force has gone; a far larger proportion of Germans died in the war and the rest have been silenced. Germany is the most terrifying spectacle the world has ever known—a vast mobilised army of maddened adolescents. If you had any doubts about the madness you should have heard Goebbels broadcasting, hour after hour, this week and the roars of loutish laughter and almost animal applause that he evoked.

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The row about the Mexican oilfields brings back vividly to me a memory of the day about a year ago when I interviewed President Cardenas in Oaxaca. I had spent the previous day visiting the ruined cities which were wiped out hundreds of years ago by some unexplained disaster. At 3 o'clock in the morning I was roused from my bed by the most astonishing noise. I jumped to the window like a hooked minnow and there, standing outside in the half light, was a full military band of about sixty pieces, blaring straight into my bedroom window. It was the oddest experience for 3 o'clock in the morning. The band played for about three-quarters of an hour and then marched away. In the morning it was explained this was the Mexican way of greeting a distinguished person—not me, but the local governor who had arrived in order to greet by the morning train the President of the Republic. It was a wonderful morning, blazing sun, children and youths in white sports clothes mobilised as a bodyguard, and thousands of Indians with their bright shawls and their "burras" coming in from the country. The mass of the peasantry are solid for Cardenas, who has given them the land and hope of a world without oppression and feudalism. They put their donkeys up side streets and stood or sat solidly on the pavements for hours, waiting for the train. When the President did arrive he had no guard. He is the first President who has ever gone about without fear of assassination (but I am told that he is by no means safe in Mexico City), and a vast crowd, cheering and letting off fireworks with immense enthusiasm into the sunny sky, accompanied him to a big house where he appeared and listened to complimentary speeches on the balcony. Home-made fireworks are the stock Mexican way of expressing approval; you cannot see them in the day but the noise is splendid. At middle day he and a crowd of friends lunched in the hotel where I was staying, and a small Mexican boy stood up and recited complimentary poetry to him. It was all very informal and jolly. He was so surrounded that I had little hope of talking to him then. I was told that the one thing that would gain attention was a telegram and so I went across to the post office and sent a telegram to the governor's house where he was staying, about five minutes' walk away. It worked excellently. A telephone message brought the news that he would see me, unfortunately only about an hour before my train went.

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I found him a stolid, reliable-looking sort of man, pleased to explain his policy. The relevant point this week is what he said about the foreign capitalists in Mexico. Was it true, I asked him, that he was trying to get rid of foreign capital? No, he said, he could not afford that even if he wanted to. Mexico must have foreign capital. His complaint was that the foreign capitalist expected to run a business in Mexico with sweated labour. Why should the American employer, for instance, pay the peon in Mexico half what he paid an American workman for similar work in the U.S.A.? If he could obtain proper living conditions for Mexicans he was only too glad to have the foreign capitalist there. I realised, of course, that this was not the whole story. The peons were asking concessions which were certainly difficult for the capitalist to meet, and it seemed to me by no means unlikely that in some people's minds this was a method of pushing out the foreign capitalist. If the Mexican Government can take over the

industries or let the workers take over and run the factories fairly thoroughly, it is obviously a good method of expropriation. If the wages are not good in the new circumstances, there is obviously a danger of disillusion. I spoke afterwards to a French business man who has been for many years in Mexico. His view of the situation was that the proletarian pressure there would be backed by Cardenas against British and French capital, but not in the long run against American. America was too near and important, and he went so far as to say that Mexican Socialism might have been engineered and was certainly favoured by Washington! When the workers struck, he said, against a British or French capitalist, they were always supported by the Government and got their own way. When they threatened to strike on the railways, they were suppressed vigorously by the Government, not really because the railways were a State service, but because the State service was controlled ultimately by Mr. Lamont in New York.

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While we never cease congratulating ourselves upon our liberties, some officials take a delight in ingenious methods of curtailing them. Mr. J. B. Manson, the Director of the Tate Gallery, has just distinguished himself by a brilliant coup. Works of art are exempt from import duty, with the result that London now rivals Paris as a centre for the sale of modern painting and sculpture. But statues have to be certified as works of art by the Director of the Tate (or one of his representatives) to prevent the duty-free importation of mass-produced ornaments. The Guggenheim Jeune Gallery was to hold next month an exhibition of carvings by artists including Brancusi and Laurens—two of the most famous sculptors in Europe. But Mr. Manson refused to certify them, thus infringing the intention, if not the letter, of the law. A protest has been signed by a number of the most distinguished art-critics, including Mr. Marriott of the *Times*, Professor Herbert Read, Mr. Earp of the *Telegraph* and Mr. Clive Bell. But the most surprising fact is not that Mr. Manson should behave in this way, but that he should crow about it in public: "They were all the sort of stuff I should like to keep out," he explained in an interview. Can he really believe that he is entitled to decide for us what artists we are to be allowed to see represented in public exhibitions?

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I do not hope that either my many Trotskyite or Stalinite correspondents will believe me when I say that I am neither one nor the other. I can only reaffirm: (*a*) That on the main issue between Stalin and Trotsky I have always thought the weight of the argument with Stalin and never seen any value in the oppositionist Trotsky movement. (*b*) That I believe it the duty of Socialists to criticise the increasing nationalism and the repressive tendencies of the regime since Kirov's murder. There always is a danger in every dictatorship that the group in power may perpetuate their power and regard all opposition as treachery. This is a tendency which should be borne in mind by Socialists and which it would be right to point out even after so much less evidence than there is of the need of such criticism. (*c*) That since open criticism is forbidden, secret opposition must, of course, have developed to serious lengths in Russia, where, as under other dictatorships, it becomes impossible to distinguish between a plot and a difference of opinion. I believe the right remedy is more freedom in the U.S.S.R., particularly within the Communist Party itself.

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A Scotsman supplied a transfusion of blood to a millionaire who sent him a cheque for £500. The Scotsman was pleased and when he was told that the millionaire needed a second transfusion supplied that, too, and received to his disappointment only £50. A third time he was tapped for the millionaire and chagrined only to receive a cheque for £5. He went to the millionaire to protest: why was he given £500 for the first transfusion and only £5 for the last? "Oh," said the millionaire, "I've so much Scots blood in me now that I can't afford more!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to C. L.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Happily, in a week more full of alarms and excursions than any other since the Great War, we had an example of the British spirit at its best.

Mr. James Whitehead, 'cellist of the Philharmonic Trio, faced with one of those impossible modern foreign compositions which delight highbrows, said: "Oh, I can't play this thing," and walked off the platform.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Coloured people who come to this country are treated just as if they were white. They are not used to this in their own country, and when they return they become embittered because they are no longer treated in the same way as in England. They have been spoilt in this country.

While we should be polite and hospitable to our guests, the difference in colour should not be forgotten, otherwise the effect is usually harmful.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. G. Mackay, prospective Conservative candidate for Spennymoor, was the speaker. He said that Mr. Neville Chamberlain was the greatest dynamic force in the world to-day, irrespective of Hitler, Mussolini, Franco or anyone else.—*Shields Gazette.*

Croydon was quite unsuitable for the great purpose which it had to serve. It would be preferable to sell it as a building estate and devote the money so received to the acquisition of a far better site. Its one great claim for fame was that it was the aerodrome at which the King, a practical aviator in every sense, took his R.A.C. certificate for solo flight. That fact should be properly marked, but otherwise the aerodrome was far more suitable as a building site.—Lord Sempill, reported in *Times.*

With all this anxiety about food defence, nobody of influence seems to have noted the main problem—an indirect one. "No bees—no crops," was proved 1914 to 1920. In the next war we are likely to have our bees exterminated more rapidly than in the 1914 period, for the extermination causes will be intensified. Our crops are our most important food defences, and our bees are their gallant defenders. —Letter in *Times.*

Police were called out at Cobham, Surrey, on Saturday night to see that couples who had been to a dance in the village hall went straight home afterwards. That was stage one of a purity drive by seventy-one-year-old councillor, Mr. T. R. Dally. Recently he opposed the grant of a drink licence for the hall, saying that at a dance there he had seen girls and boys of sixteen drunk, and "orgies rivalling the vices of Sodom and Gomorrah."—*Daily Mirror.*

It has repeatedly been officially denied that bombing breeds resentment.—J. A. Chamier, Secretary-General Air League of the British Empire, in a letter in *Manchester Guardian.*

Miss Unity Mitford. . . . Since her return to England she has had tonsillitis and loss of voice due to the strain she put on her vocal cords shouting "Heil Hitler" during the Führer's entry into Vienna.—*Evening Standard.*

FOR A WORLD ORDER

THE hour calls for co-operation between all democratic nations and parties. Such hesitation as still exists, either on the Right or the Left, is, I believe, due to a failure to accept the two principles upon which unity of action must be based:

1. That the moment has arrived when all partisan or exclusively national policies must necessarily fail, and only united action can succeed.

2. That such united action may require the ultimate sanction of military force.

It may be useful to state the reasons why my conviction

regarding the second principle has grown steadily during the last five years. The following considerations are to be understood in the light of my certainty that the days of national wars are over, that technological conditions of communication and warfare are compelling the formation of larger and larger hierarchies of power, and that we are now confronted with a critical choice.

I served in France for two and a half years. That experience destroyed the traditional ideals of family and fatherland; these became bitter jests unrelated to the reality of Europe at war. I was convinced that the culture of Europe was rotten and could only acquire new life if its ideals were reborn through dedication to a world-wide order. After leaving the Army of Occupation I visited Germany nearly every year, and I awaited with increasing doubts a European renaissance which might make the League a reality. I was wrongly relying on the leadership of the remnants of the war generation, but too many were maimed or exhausted, and the others needed a decade to recover their place in society. In 1920 I foresaw the coming reaction in Germany, but there was still ample time to save the situation, and in 1926 I signed the pacifist pledge. Later I began to realise that pacifism was valid only as a private faith; it could not be treated as a realistic political doctrine capable of saving Europe from the new dangers that were arising. Leading pacifists did not seem to realise that if pacifism was to be proclaimed as a social doctrine it had above all to prove its efficacy in Germany, where the belief in force was again becoming strong. My sympathy with the moral feeling behind pacifism could scarcely be greater, and nothing can touch the fact that for certain sensitive temperaments it may still be a valid personal faith. But I wish to state why I, for one, am ready to fight with the right allies for a world order based on truth and tolerance.

When the pacifist declares that the spiritual qualities of man are necessarily destroyed by the use of force in war he not only reveals a lack of faith in the spirit unjustified by the facts, but is relying on a false dualism of spirit and matter. Body and spirit are one; the spirit cannot survive unless there is a point at which it will defend its corporate body. A lonely man may rightly be a pacifist on nearly all issues, but there must be one occasion on which he will be ready to fight for the integrity and tradition of his community. Morally and biologically it is a fatal mistake to assume the preservation of noble qualities in individuals who have rejected their society's call on an ultimate issue; it is not without significance that ex-pacifists are often embittered men who will pay any price to have their wounds healed.

At certain moments—as now—the pacifist's position is manifestly untenable as a political doctrine and he is driven to a multitude of sophisms to give a semblance of reason to his case. "War breeds hatred." No; it was the peace rather than the Great War which bred the lasting hatreds. "The Germans and the Italians also believe they are in the right." Anyone who still uses this argument after Vienna and Barcelona must have lost all faith in his own commonsense; objectivity means desiring the truth, not failing to act when the truth is known. "We can only resist the totalitarian states by becoming like them." On the contrary, a large part of the world will become Fascist if we fail to resist, for the doctrine of brutality and intolerance will then have proved its monopoly of the power to act, whereas a victory by the allied democracies would almost certainly lead to an order in which truth and tolerance would again survive. "National wars will go on for ever until someone has the courage to try Christianity." National wars are already at an end; we are now watching the inevitable growth of larger and larger military units, and this process, not religion, will ultimately create a world order. "We are responsible for the conditions which brought about this situation." Certainly we are partly to blame, but this makes our responsibility to act greater, not less. "A programme of economic appeasement has not yet been tried." Germany's present rulers are clearly out for power and not for economic appeasement. "Physical force in war is evil, mental force alone good." Hitler's lying propaganda and "peaceful" penetration are even more dangerous and destructive to civilisation than a war.

To say "I renounce war and will never support another" is to declare that rather than suffer a supposed damage to one's soul by killing, if need be, one is ready to watch the suicides of Vienna repeated in Prague, in Budapest, in Barcelona, in Paris, and—must London be excluded?

With full sense of the horrors of war, the intolerance of mobs, the waste of life by high commands, the hatreds that temporarily drown reason, I submit that the great European and Anglo-Saxon traditions can only be maintained and developed if we declare our readiness to fight for them. As not only ideals but the Commonwealth itself is at stake, a unanimity of opinion may yet develop which will compel this or another Government to take the clear stand which alone can avoid war.

L. L. WHYTE

ON NOT FIGHTING FASCISM

MANY of my friends who are politically on the Left want to fight the Germans. This is not, of course, what they themselves say. What they say is, broadly, as follows: "Hitler is incorrigibly aggressive, and unless stopped will continue to expand. The next course in his meal of assimilation is Czechoslovakia, the next, one or more countries in South-eastern Europe—Hungary or Rumania for choice—the next, the Ukraine, the next France, the next ourselves. Alternatively, he may see in the juicy bulk of the British Empire sprawling defenceless across the world, with its back broken by Italy's control of the Mediterranean, an easier prey than the compact and well-defended territory of the Soviets; in which case, our turn will come before Russia's." The conclusions are that we shall be driven to fight sooner or later and, this being so, that it is better to make a stand now. Making a stand now means, among other things, pledging our word to go to the help of Czechoslovakia, if invaded. Admittedly, such a pledge involves the risk of war, but it is better, the argument runs, to face the risk of war in the immediate future, with Russia and France as our certain allies and the possibility of additional assistance from such small Powers as have not already been driven by an understandable desire to save their skins to attach themselves to Hitler's Germany, than to court an inevitable war in the not too distant future, when our present betrayal of our allies may have left us defenceless against the might of a Germany strengthened by the allies whom we have betrayed. There is also, it is pointed out, the question of national honour. Thus the stage is set for a repetition of the act of 1914, with Czechoslovakia cast for the rôle of little Belgium.

These arguments are not unplausible. Nevertheless, I believe that their source is to be found not in the calculations of reason, not even in the dictates of prudence, but in emotions of fear and hatred of which they are the rationalisations. For the Left is to-day imbued by a bitter hatred of Fascism in general and of Nazi Germany in particular. Fascism, in fact, is the accursed thing, Hitler the new anti-Christ. And it is their hatred of anti-Christ, their desire to extirpate the accursed thing, that leads people to attach greater weight to the arguments I have outlined than a dispassionate view of the situation would seem to justify. For my part, I believe the arguments to be fallacious and the conclusion in which they issue—that we should fight to prevent a German occupation of Czechoslovakia—mistaken. I will try as briefly as I can to give the reasons for this view.

The moral to be drawn from the present situation is, I suggest, rather different from that entailed by the conclusions I have outlined. In 1914 Germany was manifestly bidding for the hegemony of Europe, overawing small nations, identifying might with right, and threatening—or so it was thought—the security of Great Britain. Faced by this situation, we said in effect that this was a state of affairs which we could not

tolerate, and decided that Germany must at any cost be stopped. Accordingly we went to war to prevent German hegemony, to protect small nations, and to establish the rule of right. After four and a quarter years of prodigious efforts and appalling suffering we won, and, remembering the ordeal through which we had passed, " This," we said, " must never happen again." In order to prevent it from happening again, we weakened and humiliated Germany to the full extent of our powers, squeezing her—the Geddes phrase will no doubt be remembered—until the pips squeaked ; we lopped off parts of the German Reich and established them as independent States, and we effectually separated Germany from Austria.

Twenty years after, Germany is again strong, again bidding for the hegemony of Europe, again proclaiming might to be right, again overawing and threatening to crush small nations. The parts which we lopped off she has reattached, or is threatening to reattach ; Austria she has absorbed. And the moral ! That you cannot keep down a vigorous and aggressive nation by the use of force ; that, if you try, although you may obtain a temporary victory, your success will be sooner or later wiped out by the determination of the vanquished to build up a force superior to that by means of which your victory was won. You cannot in fact cast out Satan by Satan ; you cannot overcome force by force. That you cannot, the pacifist contends, is both the conclusion of history and the teaching of morals ; and the events of the last twenty years, culminating in the occupation of Austria, constitute, he affirms, a convincing dotting of the i's and crossing of the t's of his contention.

But, it will be said, these things were not inevitable. What they prove is not that it is not right to " down " a bully, but that it is not right to hit him when he is down. In other words, it was not the war against Germany, but the peace with which the war was concluded, the iniquitous Versailles Treaty, which was the source of all subsequent evils. No doubt, but you cannot, I maintain, separate the peace from the war. Means, as Aldous Huxley has convincingly demonstrated, condition ends, and, if you invoke the hatred and the militarism which are necessary to win a war, you cannot suddenly cast aside your hatred and your militarism, when you come to make a peace. Thus, the spirit in which you make war will inform the spirit in which you make peace, and your peace will sow the seed of future wars. At the time the Left had the sense to realise the truth of these contentions. We denounced the Versailles Treaty when it was made, and have clamoured for its revision ever since. Why, then, should we be so put out, when that which we have so urgently demanded, has occurred ? Why should we be so ready to prophesy evil, when the treaty which was in our view the source of evil, has at last been liquidated ? Admittedly, the mode of its liquidation is not such as we should have desired ; but what would you have ? The Allies resisted every appeal from those who suffered from the treaty to repeal or even to modify it. They have only themselves to blame, if the sufferers have now taken the law into their own hands and done for themselves what we would not do for them. Over a period of fifteen years we deliberately maddened Germany ; it is a little disingenuous of us to complain when we see foam on her lips. Against reason and right we refused the *Anschluss* between Germany and Austria, a refusal which the Left vigorously denounced. Why all this fuss when the Germans have taken the very step which, before the Nazi revolution, we were prepared to regard as right and proper ? The treaty of Versailles has bedevilled Europe for twenty years ; are we to fight another war, resulting in another Versailles, because it has at long last disappeared ?

Similar considerations apply to the case of Czechoslovakia which my friends wish to make a new *casus belli*. In Czechoslovakia there are three million Germans. It is no doubt odd that anybody should desire to be a member of Hitler's Third Reich ; but Germans *are* odd, and this, apparently, is what they do desire. Why should we be concerned to resist this desire, or be willing to asphyxiate, burn, mutilate and disembowel hundreds and thousands of human beings whom we have never seen, in order to prevent Germans rejoining those from whom they should never have been separated ?

I conclude that there is no reason in morals for going to war to prevent Hitler from entering Czechoslovakia, but that, on the contrary, we should urge the Czechs to cede the German-speaking part of their territory to Hitler without more ado. The conclusions of morals are reinforced by the dictates of expediency. To withstand Hitler now is to increase the risks of war ; to refrain from opposing his designs is to diminish them for :

(1) If Hitler absorbs all the territories with the desire for which he is credited, one of two things may well happen : (*a*) he will suffer from indigestion and become indisposed for further assimilation—it is not, after all, a foregone conclusion that all South-eastern Europe will lie easily on his stomach ; (*b*) he will digest and be quieted. Germany, in other words, will become a sated power, and with satiety may once again be prepared to show symptoms of humanity and to settle down into decent behaviour. After all, hunger and humiliation were the causes that produced Hitler. When both causes have disappeared, their effects may disappear too. Even if Hitler remains, it is not inconceivable that he should himself begin to behave. Kemal Ataturk, once an aggressive dictator, has by a similar process become a quiet one. Admittedly, to allow Hitler to take what he wants may, in the long run, involve a smaller British Empire. But who, after all, are my friends of the " Left " that *they* should be so concerned about our imperial greatness ? Have they not often urged that when England is as small as Denmark, London will be as safe as Copenhagen ?

(2) The more Hitler expands, the more likely he is to tread on the toes of Mussolini. It would not require many shakes of the Rome-Berlin axis to shake one of the parties off.

(3) It will not be many years, at the present rate of aerial development, before the speed of the aeroplane will have sufficiently increased to bring America into the orbit of European affairs. It is difficult to believe that her weight will not be thrown on to the side of the democracies.

(4) A day gained for peace is, as Mr. Keynes has pointed out, a day gained. If you believe, as I do, that war is the worst of all evils, then it can never be right to increase the risk of war in the present, in order to diminish the risk of war in the future. " But war in the future," the Left insists, " is not a risk. It is a certainty unless we make a stand now." I deny it. The future, after all, is unknown ; hence if we can only postpone war, we give unknown factors a chance. Francis Joseph of Austria died in 1916, and his death would in any event have probably signalised the break-up of the Austrian empire. Hence, if the 1914 war could have been postponed for two years, it might never have occurred.

The future, I repeat, is unknown. Germany may explode internally, Italy go bankrupt, Hitler be bitten by an adder. History hangs on the threads of a thousand chances. Let any one of these be twitched ever so slightly, and the course of history is altered. Thus a war postponed may be a war averted.

C. E. M. JOAD

A CLERK'S APOLOGY

I HOLD that writers, in so far as they are artists, ought not to take part in politics, because by doing so they betray their duty to society of upholding the dispassionate truth. But every writer, whether he likes it or not, is a citizen as well as an artist, and there are times when his citizenship is more urgent than his art ; times, that is, when public policy threatens to submerge the truth on which his art depends. Then, perhaps, he ought to put his pen to politics. He cannot expect his opinion to be paramount, to sway others much. But being indispensable to society, as the keeper of its most valuable treasure, he should be heard like the rest. I am a writer ; I see myself, within the limits of my capacity, as a keeper of the truth ; and if I ask to have my say now, it is

lest the time is imminent when I shall not be heard any more.

There was a fashion not so long ago of regarding nationalism as a form of inconvenient madness and the main obstacle to progress. Inconvenient it can be, and a danger to the reason. But I never subscribed to the view that it was intrinsically bad, because the best as well as the worst of our present civilisation has evolved from national tradition and consciousness. I feel that the nation is the entity of the West, as the city was that of Greece or Renascence Italy. Thus I am a patriot in the accepted sense of the word, because I believe that without nationhood I should become inarticulate, rootless and unable to promote those verities which it is my profession to promote. But when, as a patriot, I come to define what my nation means, I think first of its contribution to human advancement and of the insurance that, by its continued existence, such advancement shall not be lost. I am conscious, clearly enough, of its past misdemeanours. But I am talking of the present. I am a citizen of the British Empire as it now exists, and of the nation that founded it. As a patriot, leaving the past out of account, I affirm that the continuance of English civilisation in different parts of the globe may still confer certain benefits on the human race. And I ask, therefore, what English civilisation is.

The Oxford Union, some years ago, caused a fuss by resolving not to fight for its King and Country. I thought at the time that the fuss was exaggerated. It arose from the fear lest we English had become cowards. Whereas it is precisely the movers of that resolution, or their type, who are now offering all they can offer, life itself, to the fight for freedom in Spain. I know nothing of the circumstances of the resolution: it may have been of genuinely pacifist inspiration; but I suspect that what those who supported it really meant was that they were unwilling to fight for the mere symbols of patriotism. Had the movers substituted the words "English civilisation" and had their hearers thought what that phrase meant in face of the dangers already then preparing, it seems to me likely that the vote would have gone differently.

What does English civilisation mean, then? As a patriot, I should say this: a condition of life in which the State is a convenience, not an end; in which the public will, fairly expressed, is paramount; in which the operation of the law is calculable, not arbitrary; in which freedom of body, thought and speech is secure unless it can be publicly shown to contravene the law; in which, to put it shortly, a man is freer to consult his reason, or his prejudices, than under any previous circumstances in the world's history. Thus the achievement of English civilisation is outwardly political. But its end is freedom, the freedom for every man to be true to the light within him.

This idea, since Montesquieu visited England and misread the constitution, has been adopted by some nations and resisted by others, but has influenced the fate of almost all. As cultivated by the English it upholds a magnificent edifice. And equally that edifice upholds it; for it is permissible to suppose that if the British Empire went down, freedom and the rational faculty would be lost to humanity as they were after the fall of Rome. Thus the internal strength of the Empire derives from the idea for which it exists. But people forget that its external strength derives from that idea also, that the Empire is respected because it stands for what the majority of men in their hearts know to be right. Such a statement may sound unduly complacent. But when the fact is admitted by German military thinkers as the chief cause of their defeat in the last war, it is more easily believed by those who might hesitate to believe it in case the wish should be father to the thought.

The League of Nations, as I see it, was an attempt to enlist all the nations of the earth in support of those ideas to which, common though they be to most men, English civilisation has given the most practical and concrete expression and on which it depends for its existence. Thus, once the League had come into being, the English polity was, and is, bound up with it. We may regard this fact in two ways: selfishly, as a protection to ourselves; disinterestedly, as a protection to humanity. My patriotism is selfish enough to rejoice in the first view. But the second has come to my notice more vividly, because on that great occasion, the landmark of our age, in the autumn of 1935, when the nations joined forces under English leadership to try and defend the idea of international law, I was far away in Siberia; and even there, as later in China and Japan, it was evident, when I talked to ordinary men and women, that a new hope had come into the world, a hope that may have led to disappointment, as hopes do, but that can never now be eradicated. As an Englishman I was glad, because it seemed to me that the birth of such a hope was largely due to my native genius, and would afford it strength for the future.

It is 1938. Within a month of Mr. Eden's resignation, the hour-glass has begun to empty. As a clerk, in the mediaeval sense, I see what that other I, the citizen of military age, might willingly have fought to preserve. The question is what to do now.

Till two weeks ago, if I had thought it right for me to enter on the subject, I would still have agreed with the Oxford resolution. I would have preached it as the duty, not of pacifists, but of the able-bodied and pugnacious, to refuse to fight for their King and Country until such time as the British Government had shown that by King and Country it meant, not a crown and a flag, but the ideas that have raised our nation to its present eminence. I would have done this, not only for the sake of those ideas, which would be sake enough, but in the hope of ensuring that if we must fight a war, we should win it as we won the last, on a moral issue sufficient to enlist both the support of the world and the enthusiasm of our own manhood. Now, with Austria gone, with the tide of tyranny and obscurantism at our garden's edge, the danger is too close. A man at bay can no longer reason, no longer ask who led him to such a pass. He must fight. We must all fight. Our mothers and wives will do the reasoning afterwards.

But if there is a respite, and if, in that time, some new instalment of disaster produces a general election, I may still, as a citizen not yet in uniform, be faced with a dilemma. The alternatives at present are incalculable. Mr. Churchill may come forward. The opposition may develop a new and more sensible parliamentary technique. The present government may find in public opinion a mirror to its treachery and recall at last those principles which were once the strength and purpose of the England it so ignobly represents. But as things are, if an election were held to-morrow, I would submit my decision as a voter to the one consideration of strengthening that idea for which, almost inevitably now, we must all risk our lives; and I should do so in this way. I should admit to myself, truthfully, that I am not without pride in the record and capacity of the English governing class. It is my belief, reinforced by observation of Russia, that a country does well to find its leaders among those who have had the best education, and that the public interest will not suffer if some of them are absolved from the need to consider their private fortunes. I have seen this class of ours at work at home and abroad. I have admired their liberalism, their sense of duty and their self-confidence, as I have been amused by their prejudices, their love of comfort and their persistent recruitment of brains, money and stamina from outside their own families. In a lesser way, I regard their manner of living, particularly in the country, as the most civilised I know: materially speaking, it would be the height of my ambition to have a small estate, hunt in the winter and spend the summer between my garden and library. By and large, therefore, I wish them security and I hope that I, if I have a future, may partake of it. Nevertheless, it appears to me that this class, in so far as it now dictates our policy, has taken a wrong turning, has begun to prefer what it thinks its own interests to those of its country.

I am not concerned with economics: I find it difficult to

distinguish, in point of scientific certainty, between an economist and a witch-doctor and I should never support a party on a programme of socialism, capitalism or any other economic creed. I am concerned, as a writer and a citizen, with the simpler programme of freedom. That is what England means and why England is the world's hope. Seduced by the cares of property, our Conservative Party has forgotten this fact, as it has forgotten why ten million men died in the last war. It will be my part, with my vote, to remind them of these things. But one other thing they may consider immediately. If, as I fear, it is too late to remind them, if as a result of their folly, their disregard of the national instinct and their ignorance of the English past, a European war breaks out, they will be responsible for it. Theirs will be the odium. And as the name of Eden will always be associated with that first glorious precedent of 1935, so the names of his colleagues will echo down the centuries to the hate of a ruined world.

ROBERT BYRON

SPELLING BEES

As I listened to the first spelling match on the wireless between teams representative of English and American youth, I thought that this was the most imbecile form of entertainment yet invented. I was obviously wrong, however, for many intelligent people found it both interesting and enjoyable. Later competitions have been reported in the press like cricket-matches, and, when a youth from the provinces spells "omitted" with two "m's" or "fulfil" with a final double "l," his error is recorded in the gravest organs as though he were a Bradman who had been caught in the slips. No doubt there were thousands of listeners who joined—at least, in spirit—with the audience in the studio in loudly applauding competitors who at the first time of asking succeeded in spelling "satiety" and "acquiesce."

The spelling-bees, then, it must be admitted, are attractive. What I should like to know, is why they are attractive. Are the millions of listeners mainly people bent on improving their education? Or are they mostly good spellers hoping to indulge their sense of superiority by hearing one of the weaker brethren stumbling over a word like "daguerreotype"? Probably the second is the truer explanation. There is nothing that flatters our vanity more than the blunders of other people. How as children we gloated over features in the comic papers in which every other word was misspelt! I remember a feature of this kind contributed, no doubt, by an elderly gentleman but signed "The Orfis Boy." He spelt "love" "luv" and "holiday" "hollerday," and so endeared himself to a multitude of Victorian children. He never, I suspect, made a real joke in his life, but a boy who could end a letter, with the sentence, "I sine this in my blud," gave us all the humour we wanted.

This childish love of bad spelling continues in many people throughout their lives. It was not only children in the nineteenth century who adored the misspelt extravagances of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. Artemus Ward had only to write: "This is a goak" to set the English-speaking world laughing. In more recent years *The Young Visiters* owed some of its popularity to the childish spelling of the writer, and Jane Austen's *Love and Freindship* seemed all the more charming because the title was spelt incorrectly. This enjoyment of misspelling, it seems to me, though childish, is not to be sneered at. The greatest humourists, or some of them, have shared it; and Dickens rightly used the spelling eccentricities of the Weller family for the entertainment of his readers. In *Nicholas Nickleby*, again, Fanny Squeers would lose much of her richness as a comic character if she had written like a schoolmistress. Her letter describing Nicholas's fight with her father is a masterpiece largely on account of its misspelling:

> We are in a state of mind beyond everything, and my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steepled in his Goar. We were kimpelled to have him carried down into the kitchen where he now lays. . . .
>
> When your nevew that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollewt my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head.

A writer with less art than Dickens would undoubtedly have gone in for a riot of misspelling in this letter; but Dickens with fine economy limited himself to a few perfect blunders. Having written "steepled in his Goar" and "pollewt my pen," he saw no need to saddle Fanny with all the blunders of which the illiterate are capable.

I may say that I myself, though I enjoy Fanny Squeers's inferior spelling, obtain very little sense of superiority from being able to spell better. Correct spelling may be meritorious, but it is meritorious only in a very small degree. Some of the ablest men and women I have known have been extremely bad spellers. I have known an eminent literary critic to misspell Jane Austen's surname. At my school the most brilliant scholar of his year was the worst speller, and it is said that Robert Louis Stevenson used to have to call in the aid of a housemaid to spell some word over which he was hesitating. It was, I imagine, only in the nineteenth century that spelling came to be regarded as a highly important branch of education. I myself had no objection to this, for spelling came easily to me as mathematics came easily to others; and I enjoyed *Sullivan's Spelling Superseded* as well as any of my schoolbooks. At the same time, I agree with Ruskin and the other revolutionaries of the age who maintained that a talent for spelling was greatly overrated.

Much as I object to the rigid orthodoxy of Victorian spelling, however, I object equally strongly to the later orthodoxy that has overturned certain Victorian spellings. In the Victorian age we were taught to spell "judgment," "abridgment" and a number of similar words without an "e" in the first syllable. If we wrote "judgement" or "abridgement" in an examination-paper, we lost marks. To-day, however, the mighty influence of the *Oxford Dictionary* has restored "judgement" and "abridgement" as the better spellings; and we of the older generation who toiled so hard to do the correct thing cannot help feeling that we have been cheated out of part of our education. Why could the *Oxford Dictionary* not let well alone? Of what advantage is the extra "e" to anybody? I for one feel a passionate loyalty to "judgment" without an "e," as I feel a passionate loyalty to "a hotel" without an "n." Though indifferent to spelling, I hate innovations in spelling, and I was glad of the failure of the attempt during the present century to introduce such American spellings as "color" and "program" into the English language. I hope the present attempt to introduce "airplane" as a substitute for "aeroplane" will fail as completely. There are no spellings like the old spellings. Spelling does not matter, so why not leave it alone?

It is true that a number of men of genius have had a weakness for innovations in spelling. Walter Savage Landor and Tennyson hated to spell the past tense of a verb with a final "-ed" when a "t" would serve their turn. Hence "crost" for "crossed," and, presumably, "relaxt" for "relaxed"—possibly even "mist" for "missed." Mr. Shaw, again, has his own way of spelling certain words such as "haven't." Fortunately, however, misspellings of this kind are generally regarded as the eccentricities of genius, and there is no dictionary authority to force them on the orthodox.

To spell eccentrically is, to my mind, to overestimate the importance of spelling. Uniformity of spelling is merely a matter of convenience, and it is better that we should all spell words the same way, simply because it is a slight help towards understanding each other. Or it ought to be, for it must be of some use. A grave warning against eccentricity of spelling is provided by the fate of Pigott the forger. If Pigott had learned how to spell in his childhood, he might not have had to commit suicide. Unfortunately for him, in forging a Parnell letter, he forgot how to spell "hesitancy" and spelt

it "hesitency." In the course of the Parnell Commission, he was asked to write out a sentence containing the fatal word, and in writing "hesitency" he damned himself. Hence it will be seen that even a man's life may depend on his being able to spell correctly. Forgers especially cannot afford to trifle with the alphabet.

Even with this evidence of the vital importance of spelling, however, I cannot take much interest in spelling bees. The greatest age of English literature was an age of atrocious spelling, and it seems certain that an ordinary intelligent schoolboy to-day knows how to spell Shakespeare's name much better than Shakespeare himself did. Who nowadays would spell Sir Thomas Browne's surname without a final "e"? Yet one of his seventeenth-century printers did so. Modern critics maintain that some of Milton's misspellings had a deliberate purpose, but I prefer to think that he knew no better and, indeed, was occupied with more important matters. It was only the popularisation of dictionaries, with their illegitimate air of authority, that intimidated Englishmen into all spelling alike. In the result, they became better spellers and worse poets. There may be a moral in this.

For myself, I think that errors of pronunciation are a much more serious matter than errors of spelling, and I should like to see pronunciation bees taking the place of spelling bees and competitors penalised for failing to pronounce such words as "laboratory" and "corollary" in the old-fashioned way. I am even sufficiently prejudiced to demand the restoration of the "h" sound to "when" and "what." Mr. St. John Ervine has already fought gallantly for the recognition of Belfast pronunciation as the standard pronunciation of English, and in this I am with him. I should like to hear Mr. Ervine refereeing a pronunciation contest and gonging every competitor who did not pronounce his "o's" and his "r's" as he and I pronounce them. For there is only one correct way to pronounce, as there is only one correct way to spell—the way in which one has learnt to pronounce and spell oneself. I am not temperamentally a bigot but I am a bigot in regard to the spelling of "judgment" and the pronunciation of "corollary." They should be spelt and pronounced as I was taught to spell and pronounce them at school. Y. Y.

HUMANITARIAN

As Franco's high explosives rain
From Barcelona's falling skies,
The Premier, recklessly humane,
Expostulates with his allies.

The world his pious horror hears,
But for that overflowing grave
It falls unheard on murdered ears
And mocks the dead he feared to save.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

BARCELONA

SIR,—I am sure that the whole of Great Britain will have shuddered with horror on reading the news of the most recent bombardments of Barcelona. But I can assure you after having visited the entire city in which two thousand people have been killed and an equal number wounded that the most terrible predictions of the coming aerial warfare have been converted here into the most abominable reality. The Spanish people turn towards Great Britain and ask you to raise your voice against the extermination of the civilian population of Barcelona and against a policy which prevents the Spanish Government from acquiring the means necessary to defend itself from this murder of more than a thousand women and children in a single day.

Barcelona. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

[This letter from the former Foreign Minister of Spain reaches us at the same time as the following telegram signed by eight leading Spanish scientists.

"The regular airforce of Germany and Italy has demolished the cities of Spain. The University of Barcelona like the Cajal Institute in Madrid has been destroyed. The same has happened to other centres of culture. During the last three days of terrible and continuous bombing more than 2,000 people were killed in Barcelona alone. We Spaniards of liberal and democratic convictions, who only devote ourselves to literary and scientific activities, protest against these monstrous crimes. At the same time we appeal to the sensitivity of our English colleagues and ask for their help in the defence of the independence of our country as well as of the universal principles of humanity, justice and law which the Spanish Republic implies. We ask you to bring to bear all your influence on the British Government so that it may take steps to avoid these barbarous atrocities which are directed not only against defenceless human beings, but also against the civilisation and peace of the world."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

INESCAPABLE FACTS

SIR,—In the hot air and poisoned atmosphere of topical journalism this week-end, reading THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been like a breath of ozone. Its realism has been most refreshing, and has helped to drive away much of the poison of the war mongers.

You sketch two alternatives to the humiliating pro-Fascist policy of the Prime Minister, which serves a wrong end in the worst possible way. These alternatives are: (1) Little Englandism, and (2) declaring what you are prepared to fight for and then securing for it the widest possible support among the Powers.

But is there not another alternative? While I greatly admire the almost Buddhist self-abnegation of your Little Englandism, and would certainly accept it if it were the only alternative to the pro-Fascism of Chamberlain, since no calamity can be worse than another war, I do not like the idea of merely retreating from various positions and responsibilities.

In my opinion your second alternative does not hold water, since both Hitler and Mussolini realise, and know that British reactionaries realise, that an anti-Fascist bloc would be useless without Russia, and that if it included Russia, were it to be successful in an encounter with the Fascist Powers, would result in revolution and the emergence of a Communist Dictatorship in the Fascist countries, and possibly in a wave of Communism sweeping across the earth. Hence the Fascist Dictators know that no such line-up of the Powers will take place so long as reaction remains in the political saddle in Britain. But are Trade Union leaders like Sir Walter Citrine and Mr. Marchbanks ready for such an outcome as I have indicated?

Hence, Hitler and Mussolini are quite free to proceed with their well thought-out plans.

But is merely throwing in the sponge to the Dictators the only way out of the dilemma? It may come to that in the end, of course, but while we retain any faith in human nature and in principle, let us put it to the test, and perhaps the supreme test. Why not here and now seek the path of justice, proclaim its demands and declare our determination to obey them, whatever the sacrifice? Along that road lies the one chance of reviving the conscience of mankind, bringing a new mind and spirit and thus a new hope into international affairs, and thereby saving mankind from catastrophe.

In other words, I suggest that the time has come to test ultimate realities. When civilisation is definitely at stake it is necessary to challenge our principles and our faith. We believe that Fascism is spiritually destructive and cannot serve the highest interests of mankind. Let us, then, put it to the test, compel it to prove its worth. So far, Fascism has thriven on power politics, and has been able to do so because there is so much injustice in international relations. Remove that injustice and Fascism will be compelled to play a new role, a role for which it is not fitted. Its ideal is a State ideal, and is not concerned with the content or quality of individual life. For that very reason it will collapse in the end, since the happiness and well-being of men and women must be the final test of every social system.

So long as Fascism has justice to fight for it can survive. When justice has been conceded it must justify its further existence by the quality of the life it makes possible to its subjects. By that test it will ultimately stand or fall.

Therefore do not let us merely abandon our Empire; let us transform it, and internationalise its benefits.

In your issue of February 19th you concluded an interesting article with these words:

Our statesmen talk vaguely about removing the causes of war, but all they do in practice is to arm to maintain the *status quo*. Fascism

wins because it takes the initiative; if Democracy is not gradually to be destroyed everywhere, as it has been in Austria, the peaceful Powers must cease to be the ineffective policemen of their own possessions and themselves initiate proposals which the Fascist Powers will find it difficult to reject.

As I see the position, those words indicate the only road to security to-day. Therefore let us boldly face the facts, boldly declare what we believe to be just, and boldly give it. Let us manifest an initiative, an honesty, a sense of realism which will shock the Fascist Dictators and take the wind completely out of their sails. Having thereafter no occasion for war, they will have to face demands which they cannot meet, do not possess the spiritual equipment to meet. They will thus collapse. It may take some time, but it will happen. It is therefore manifest folly to smash civilisation in an attempt to smash Fascism. Fascism thrives on injustice; its antidote and certain destroyer is justice—justice ennobled by generosity. WILFRED WELLOCK

12 Victoria Avenue, Quinton, Birmingham.

SIR,—I read with profound anxiety the following reference to conscription in Mr. Kingsley Martin's article advocating a certain line of policy to meet the international situation:

> Such a policy with the discipline, the conscription of wealth *and of British manhood* (italics mine) which would be necessary, can only be put forward by a broadly based Government which includes Mr. Eden, Mr. Churchill and the Labour and Liberal leaders. It is time the people of England told Mr. Chamberlain in unmistakable language . . . that there is no sacrifice it is not prepared to undergo for a Government which really intends to throw its weight on the side of democracy and against aggression . . .

I believe Mr. Kingsley Martin's analysis of the international situation to be mistaken and his foreign policy open to the gravest doubt. But even were his arguments sound and his policy desirable, I should remain utterly bewildered by *his* support of conscription.

I can understand the point of view of those who were willing to give their own lives to support the collective system in an armed world, when the power of the League was overwhelming. I can understand the point of view of those, who in their latest distress argue for collective action by the few powerful States that remain loyal to League principles, and are still prepared to give their own lives voluntarily for such a purpose. But I am utterly at a loss to understand how anyone who has been a Conscientious Objector or who has sympathised with his resistance can call for the imposition of compulsory military service upon others. Such a *volte-face* is an almost terrifying revelation of how fear and passion can overwhelm the human mind.

Especially tragic does it seem to me to be that this statement, coming from such a quarter, should have appeared on the same day that the *Times* published an important letter from its own Military Correspondent, stating the case against conscription, not only for technical reasons but because of its betrayal of political righteousness and individual freedom. Here is what the *Times* Military Correspondent says:

> Beyond these questions comes a greater one—that of the ultimate effect on the British people, and on all that Britain means, of defending ourselves against totalitarianism by imitating it. It is easier to start on this path than to stop short of the complete enslavement of the individual to the State. . . . The suppression of individual judgment—the Englishman's most cherished right—would seem unavoidable under a system of "universal national service" . . . It would seem to violate the cardinal principle of a free community: that there should be no restriction of individual freedom save where this is used for active interference with others' freedom. Our tradition of individual freedom is the slow-ripening fruit of centuries of effort. To surrender it within in the process of preparing to defend it against dangers without would be the supreme irony of our history.

During recent days I seem to have recognised those same passions, that same intellectual blindness, and that same indignation on behalf of righteousness which I remember in 1914.

House of Lords. ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

[Mr. Martin did not and does not advocate conscription. (Lord Allen is alone among a very large number of correspondents in his misinterpretation of Mr. Martin's argument.) Mr. Martin felt it honest to point out that in the event of the formation of an emergency government for the explicit purpose of saving Spain—a proposal which was on the political map last week—measures of regimentation usually abhorrent would have to be accepted. We agree with Lord Allen and the military correspondent of the *Times* that even in that event "universal national service" would not be either morally or technically justified. On the point of principle, conscription for military service differs from any of the other accepted forms of compulsion of the individual in that it raises for many people questions of conscience which, for instance, compulsory jury service or compulsory education do not raise. That is why, in any form of compulsory military service, provision should be made for the Conscientious Objector.

But the curious thing is that Lord Allen overlooked the conclusion of Mr. Martin's article. Lord Allen should have quoted Mr. Martin's last sentence.

> In the absence of such a statement and the formation of such a government [i.e., an emergency coalition to save Spain] it is suicidal to arm for a hopeless war for the remnants of the British Empire, and it is the duty of those who see clearly to refuse to join or help in any way those who seem set on betraying every worthy thing for which Britain has ever stood in the world.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—In comment on your admirably lucid leader, "The Inescapable Facts," may I suggest that the electorate has to choose between the following policies:

(*a*) The consistent recognition that the future rôle of Britain is that of a second-class Power. I agree that, in fact, the nation would prefer to go through another and worse four years of war rather than accept this attitude of defeatism. Logically, therefore, from now, we must all become recruiting sergeants and must on principle accept conscription. That conclusion is inescapable. It is pointless to fight a war to lose it.

(*b*) An alliance with Germany, as suggested by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*. It is the policy Caillaux advocated for France. We can, however, take it that this country would not stand for such a policy.

(*c*) Neutrality, as also suggested by Hitler. Our traditional policy of the Balance of Power was shaped, not to involve us in Europe, but to permit us to keep away from the embraces of "these nations of eternal war." However, neutrality is pointless if the issue is that we have to fight another war later, at a greater disadvantage. I here presume that Germany would not batter out herself for a century against France, and on the road to Moscow—finish.

(*d*) An alliance with France. As you, sir, rightly say, we can now put League action in cold storage. The issue is not even that of an alliance of Progressive League States. But an alliance of free States is clearly a feasible policy. However, *alone* it is too uncertain to prevent that war to which it looks. It cannot guarantee victory; but it may check the victory of the other side. Indubitably it has pressure value.

(*e*) An agreement between Germany and France or a Four Power Pact. Pending a pledge from the United States to the French Alliance—more than words—this cannot be dismissed. But France cannot be expected to agree to less than a Five Power Pact, including Russia, without guarantees of steel, not paper.

(*f*) The negotiation, whether by Conference or diplomacy, of a New Peace Settlement, abrogating Versailles, *before* the Next War, including settlement of the problems of the German 23 per cent. in Czechoslovakia, the Polish Corridor and colonies. A statement (during the present, strictly relative calm) of the Entente Peace Terms. The adoption of policy (*d*), with its full military implications for our own citizens, as alone effective "against war and Fascism." The adoption of these terms, if declined by the German people as Peace Terms—as a statement of War Aims. The full use of radio. And, lastly, since Germany could not be expected to respect a League run as a Clemenceau Alliance, a firm declaration here and now that for "a free assembly of sovereign nations" (Austen Chamberlain) will be substituted Sovereign Assembly of free nations; the acceptance of the Geneva Protocol; and the formal submission of Britain to international sovereignty. GEORGE CATLIN

2 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3.

SIR,—The Tories are not so blind as might appear from your leading article in your issue this week. They would rather lose the British Empire than the Capitalist System, which the victory of a Red Government in Spain would greatly threaten, but they hope by their policy to preserve both.

The Tories calculate that a Franco Spain will be friendly to them. Have they not helped him in many ways and by allowing him to receive arms while preventing them from reaching his opponents? They calculate that so long as they are friendly

with Hitler and Mussolini, Franco will be friendly towards them. But if they were to fight Hitler, or still more, if a Labour Government were to come into power in England, then Franco would be hostile.

It is a Labour Government in England and a Socialist Government in France that will have to fight Hitler and Mussolini and also a hostile Spain. It is they who will find their Mediterranean traffic stopped and themselves cut off from the oil fields of the Near East and from India and Australia. And they will find their South Atlantic traffic threatened by submarines and aeroplanes from bases in the Azores, the Canaries and even the Cape Verde Islands, so that a convoy system would be impossible. Their only trade route will be the North Atlantic and they may find that America will not send supplies to Red Governments who are at war.

The effect of the Tory policy, whether by accident or design, will be to make the position of a Labour Government an impossible one, either in England or in France. If Franco wins in Spain, as he may do any time now, there will be no possibility of a Labour Government in England until Hitler is deposed. We shall be ruled by the Fascists just as surely as though they were established in this country.

There is only one way to save this situation, viz., to bring down this Government before Franco wins in Spain. This might still be done if the Labour Party, instead of wasting their time in the House of Commons, would go round the country preaching that the war against the Spanish Government is a war against ourselves, as they should have been doing for the last eighteen months.

WRAM

SIR,—May I be allowed to say a few words in defence of Chamberlain's present policy? I believe that the only hope left to-day of avoiding war lies in coming to an agreement with Italy that will undermine the Rome-Berlin axis. The violence of Hitler's coup in Austria has made this more feasible than it was a few weeks ago, for it has frightened both Mussolini and the Imperialists of this country sufficiently to make agreement possible. It is of course true that Italian treaties cannot be trusted: but if we are sensible we can make it entirely to the interest of Mussolini to act with us in stemming the Nazi advance through Europe. Such an understanding would automatically bring in all the Mediterranean countries and the balance of forces against Hitler would make a successful war on his part impossible. That is the only form of collective security obtainable to-day that makes sense strategically. It demands a sacrifice of many British interests in the Mediterranean; but since these interests can no longer be defended by us, surely that is a positive advantage.

But what about Spain? It has been obvious from the first to anyone not blinded by class prejudice that our safety as a nation was bound up in a victory by the Spanish Government and that a victory of Franco's would bring war immeasurably nearer. We could have taken steps last summer or autumn to prevent this and no doubt, had Eden had a free hand, the present advance, due to an immense consignment of German armaments, would not have occurred. But now it is too late. Nothing short of open intervention by ourselves or the French can make the Government win to-day, and, even if such intervention were advisable, it is useless to recommend it since in the present state of Europe there is no English or French Government that would take the risk. The most that can be hoped for is that the few French aeroplanes and artillery that can be spared may enable the Spanish Government to surrender on terms.

What will happen, then, when Franco has won? If we cannot undermine the Rome-Berlin axis before May 1st we shall find ourselves hemmed in, cut off from the Mediterranean and from all our bases on the eastern Atlantic, and the French will be in an even worse predicament. We shall be in a position where, if war were to come, we should almost certainly be defeated. Germany would use our weakness to do as she pleased in Central Europe.

But the Italian and German interests conflict as much in Spain as they do on the Brenner. It is absolutely untrue that the Germans are fighting in Spain merely to repay a debt to the Italians and to obtain commercial advantages. Their ambitions there go far beyond the obtaining of iron ores and mercury: Spain for them is the road to Morocco and to South America. They have succeeded during the past year in getting a much stronger grip on Franco's Spain than the Italians. Eventually, there can be no doubt, the Army and the Falangists will gravitate to the German side, leaving only a small body, chiefly Catholics, who will look to Italy.

We are told of course that, as soon as the war is over, there will be a reaction in Spain against the foreigners who have been helping them. I do not believe that. This theory, which rests upon a false analogy with Napoleon, who was ideologically unsympathetic to Spaniards, is simply a part of one of those systems of self deception in which Englishmen of all parties now live. It will not anyhow apply to the Germans. For the last forty years Germany with its powerful armies and its brutal, dictatorial ways has been the ideal of the Spanish Right, and it is through Germany that Franco hopes to make the dream of a Spanish African Empire (which is his receipt for reuniting the country) come true.

Mussolini, of course, has long known this well. The army he has maintained in Spain has been kept there chiefly to defend Italian interests *vis-à-vis* the Germans. Looking around him now he must obviously prefer to have a torpid, second-rate Power like England in control of the Straits of Gibraltar than this new dangerous nation which is also occupying the Brenner and pressing towards the Balkans. Let us therefore come to terms with Mussolini and give the fox the share of the spoils which his cunning has earned.

It is no doubt a base policy. But twenty years of baseness, stupidity and torpor have left us without the strength, either moral or physical, to adopt an honest one. To look on whilst Spanish civilisation is destroyed by a set of savages is very terrible. To see ourselves drawn into an equivocal position beside Germany and Italy is not agreeable either. But we have no choice when we are faced with the alternative of a European war, that will be lost before we have begun it.

GEORGE BEATON

Aldbourne, Marlborough.

OXFORD ELECTRIC

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of March 5th, in which Mr. R. H. S. Crossman purports to describe certain events concerning the Oxford Electric Company, and incidentally makes considerable play with my name. I do not propose to follow him through the fog of half-truths and insinuations in which he shrouds his narrative; but the more relevant facts may be useful to those of your readers who are interested in the matter, and I should be grateful if you will publish them.

(1) The Wessex Company sought to buy the Oxford undertaking because the latter lies entirely within the Wessex area, and much of its territory is of the same rural and semi-rural character as the Wessex Company serves. It is only a portion of the Oxford Company's area which is urban or within the Corporation boundaries.

(2) The price (£240,000) which the Wessex Company offered for the Oxford undertaking was calculated by a formula authorised by the Electricity Commissioners as a proper valuation in similar cases. It would have resulted in the Ordinary Shareholders receiving, on liquidation, about 38*s.* for each of their £1 shares.

(3) The £240,000 offered by the Wessex Company and the £300,000 originally offered by the Corporation were not comparable figures. The dates of payment, the accrual of interest and the recovery of capital expenditure, have to be taken into account in comparing the figures; and the calculation which shows that the Wessex Company's offer was the more favourable to the shareholders was an exact comparison which was—and still is—open to inspection by the shareholders.

(4) The shareholders, by a majority, accepted the Wessex Company's offer supplemented by a special bonus payment tendered by Edmundson's Company, in preference to a revised offer by the Corporation. The poll voting, excluding votes controlled by the Wessex Company, was 37,325 shares for the former and 24,040 shares for the latter.

(5) The Oxford Company has treated its consumers well. It never had "the highest tariff in England." In 1932 its average charge for domestic consumption was 4.53*d.* per unit: in 1937, by steady reductions, it had come down to 1.5*d.* per unit.

(6) The Wessex Company is under the financial control of Edmundson's Company, which is a wholly British-owned concern, with a large number of small shareholders as well as three large proprietors. There are no sinister financial complications.

Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1.

MESTON

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received for Spanish Relief:

D.J.N.L. (£5 5*s.*); Anon. (2) (£5); J. M. Fraser, F. H. Wright (£2); A. L. Bulley (£1 2*s.* 6*d.*); Joan Hoyle (£1 1*s.*); Anon., R. E. Baker and R. D. Mc.L., M. E. L. Brownlow, R. S. Halliday (£1); T.D. McE. (10*s.*); Anon. (7*s.* 9*d.*); R. Kitching (7*s.* 6*d.*); Anon. (2), N. S. Thomson (2*s.* 6*d.*)

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

The Heron

EVERY morning at dawn the heron comes winging across the woods to rob my lake of its trout. It is not a very large lake, and there are not very many trout; soon there will be none at all if the heron continues to breakfast in this fashion. I would not grudge him a reasonable meal occasionally, but he is an indiscriminate and extravagant fisherman who pulls out trout too large for him to swallow and strews them mangled on the bank. The other day he was seen struggling with one half way down his throat; and in spite of my liking for herons, especially when they frequent other people's lakes and streams, I confess I wish it had choked him.

The remedy may seem simple: shoot the heron. But there is a snag: the heron is a protected bird, with the price of £5 on his head. I discovered this only when I had finally overcome my reluctance to destroy so beautiful a creature and was about to construct a "hide" in the wood near his haunt. The country people were quite at a loss to understand my hesitation, and their advice was unanimous: Shoot him and say nothing about it. When I said I couldn't square that with my conscience they looked at me pityingly.

Meanwhile he continues to breakfast and the trout to diminish. Although we have tried "warming his tail" without injuring him he does not seem to mind having his tail warmed. So what am I to do? I could, of course, walk up to the local police station with a dead bird in one hand and a five pound note in the other. But although that would set me right in my own eyes and in those of the law, it still would not dispose of my conviction that if the law troubles to protect the heron it means that he needs protection, and that without it he will soon disappear from our ponds and water courses. Which I, for one, would regret.

Early Hours

I wonder whether the freshness of these early spring mornings really intoxicates the birds as much as we believe? Judging by their song as the sun rises, it is not hard to credit them with feelings of exhilaration similar to our own. Even those who do not express themselves in song must surely catch the infection from this young, budding, courting air. My heron, for instance, as he flaps his way from his home-pond to my unfortunate lake, can surely not remain indifferent to the brightening sky and the clean chill meeting his wings above the frosty fields? The spring world, seen from above at dawn, empty of men, must glitter with an extraordinary purity, miraculously combining as it does both the virginal and the pregnant. To rise even an hour earlier than usual, is to steal a march upon the crowding anxieties of the day; it is to live, however briefly, in the illusion of a different world.

Statistics prove that the beginning of March is normally colder than the beginning of December, though this year statistics have proved, as usual, unreliable. Only he who has gone out into the fields early knows that the grass has been white and spangled, and that there has been a sharp nip in the air. On these still, cloudless mornings, under a pale blue sky, the first delicate flowers have stood out with a peculiar brilliance, almost as though they were being illuminated with artificial light. It is remarkable how many of the flowers that appear in a notoriously boisterous season are more delicate and fragile than their successors: the petals of the crocus and of the early irises scarcely look as though they could survive a puff of wind; the slender stems of the blue squills and Glory-of-the-snow look as though they would snap and bend at a touch. The starry blue anemone, the minute narcissus, the inch-high saxifrages, all seeming to demand the protection of glass, do nothing of the sort but choose the roughest of months to lift their childish heads in the open. The blossom, too, though this year the bright days have suited it well, is more often to be seen through the veils of a scurrying snow-storm. This year the pink of the naked almond stands out against the blue, and the white of plum dazzles in the sun. Young plum-trees are a sight to stand and gaze at, the blossom so white, the branches so black. They compromise no more than a woodcut in their colour, or absence of colour.

To see these sights, unshared, unspoiled, is worth the lost hour in bed.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE TRIAL OF A JUDGE

TUCKED away at the back of King's Cross, in Goldington Street, is a very small theatre, certainly one of the most interesting theatres in London. There the Unity Theatre Club presents its performances, all of which are intended "to help in the terribly urgent struggle for world peace and a better social and economic order, and against Fascism." The aim of the Club is also (this follows) to perform plays "which deal with realities and reflects contemporary life, instead of plays which merely provide a dream world of escape and at best depict false ideas of life." The theatre itself is a converted Nonconformist Chapel, which in a very short time, at a very small cost, thanks to volunteer workers, was ready in November last year. The general public can buy tickets by previously paying yearly club-membership fee of one shilling.

I paid my first visit last week to the Unity Theatre to see and hear Mr. Stephen Spender's verse play, which deals with Fascism, Communism and Liberalism and their relations to each other, in "that terribly urgent struggle." I was moved, impressed, confused. When these words are in print there will be only two more opportunities of seeing *Trial of a Judge*, on the nights of March 25th and March 26th. Do not miss them. The form of the production is "expressionist" so also is the form of the drama itself. That is to say realism in time, place and psychology are replaced by symbolism, visual and aural. The characters are emblems, and so is the scenic furniture. This befits poetic drama. Of the verse itself only one attribute can be profitably criticised in the adverse sense, since the diction of Mr. Spender, like that of practically all the young poets, is elliptical in movement and frequently condensed, ungrammatical; often therefore not easy to follow. But his verse is the expression of his thought and emotion and, therefore, it is no use quarrelling with him as a dramatist on the ground of the intellectual difficulty it presents to an audience who hear it for the first time. He might reply, "Only thus can I express the mode of feeling out of which I write, and achieve the beauty I understand," and his critic would have to leave it at that. Mr. Spender might add "you would not find a Shakespeare play easy on first hearing." But there is one aspect of his verse which he could keep an eye on without sacrificing either poetry or vigour when next he writes for the stage: namely the acoustic properties of his words. Much of it in *Trial of a Judge* is not only difficult to recite, the grammar of it presenting obstacles to the most athletic elocutionist, but is also acoustically confusing. There were phrases and passages of rare distinguishable value and beauty throughout *Trial of a Judge*, but many others reached the ear in syllabic tatters. The actors were seldom physically inaudible, though that was true of some lines in the dying speeches of Petra's brother. The pathos of those dying speeches of Petra's brother, the Communist, after he has been shot through the chest, prolonged after the manner of that ever precarious convention the interminable moralising Renaissance farewell to life, was the one passage in the play which fell conspicuously flat. Reading them afterwards I discovered in them several beautiful things, but at the time I was irked (and so were others) by their appealing for an intensity of sympathy they did not provoke.

I said I had been moved, impressed, confused by the play; the confession of confusion brings me to the substance of the drama. It is clear I was not the only one to be emotionally confused by its drift. I note that Mr. Spender's critic in the *Observer* left the theatre under the impression that the upshot of *Trial of a Judge* was a defence of Liberalism against Fascism and Communism respectively. Intellectually, I knew that must be a misreading of the dramatist's intentions, for did I not know the dramatist held the Communistic Faith? But had I not known that, I think it probable I should have fallen into the same error. The judge, dramatically, has the *beau rôle;* there is nothing confusing about that nor inconsistent in that with the play being intended to support Communism. Where the confusion resides is that, intellectually, the judge was the *beau rôle* too, and—though this is more a matter of opinion—his sufferings and views seem to have been more profoundly and poetically felt than the views, at any rate, of the Comrades themselves.

Mr. Spender has been, I believe, three years writing this play; the result suggests the presence of some increasing emotional under-tow in him during those years, which if it has not yet sapped his intellectual convictions has prevented them drawing nourishment from his most spontaneous sympathies. The Judge himself strikes me as a sensitive projection of an imaginative creator who is in that kind of predicament I have conjectured. The life-blood of an inner-conflict has gone to the inspiration of the Judge's words. He not only dominates the play, which can be in accordance with plan, but he remains in the end intellectually unanswered, which is not.

Perhaps if I sketch the movement of the play what I mean will be more clear. When it opens the Judge is faced by the necessity of condemning the brutal murderers of a Jew, an unholy trinity of young Fascists to whom that Jew was a traitor to their country, a filthy ulcer in the side of the community which must be pierced and burst. The Fascist party is not yet in power, but popular hysteria is heaving them towards it. It is at this juncture that another representative figure, Hummeldorf, the temporising upper-class statesman, who shares many of the Judge's political ideas, though emphatically not his belief in justice, comes to his old friend to ask him in the name of political expediency to reverse his judgment; and also condemn to death three Communists whose offence has been to wound a policeman in a scuffle, the carrying of weapons having just been declared a capital offence and retrospective. Hummeldorf represents these concessions as now the only means of saving the authority of the state itself. Helped by pressure from the Judge's wife (a psycho-analytical study in thwarted maternity) he persuades the Judge to surrender what is to him the citadel of civilisation. But this sacrifice of the Liberal conscience proves politically vain; it only swells the Fascists' confidence and the mass hysteria behind them. Hummeldorf after being compelled to try his old friend for treason is himself imprisoned and flogged. But not till after the Judge has revoked the revocation of his first decision, thus sealing inevitably his own fate. In the last act, the condemned cell, the Liberalism of the Judge rises to its climax in argument with the Communists who are imprisoned with him. One Red fellow prisoner has accused him of having the same "hypocrite mind" as their common enemy:

> you disclaim
> The necessary killing hatred,
> And ignore that you or they must die.

To whom the Liberal replies in a speech of which the gist lies in the conclusion,

> The violence and hatred which we used
> And the children's faces which we breed
> Grow into those enemy faces
> We gave our lives to kill.

In short, his argument is that it is the nature of means that determines the results, and when means are foul, incitement to murder, hatred, the ends actually achieved will resemble them. To this the only reply is the entrance of a Red prisoner driven mad by cruelty; and at last the wail of other prisoners whom we have seen as in Van Gogh's picture of Newgate convicts, treading the round in the exercise-yard.

> We shall be free.
> We shall find peace.

No answer, only a pious hope.

Again when one of the Communists says to the Liberal

> Being too honest for one time you lacked strength
> To be born into another,

which is saying in effect that being born amongst murderers, he did not become one himself. The same Communist woman says, apparently with the sympathy of the author—

> Your world, comrade, is built upon a lie
> Which is the suffering of many that the enlightened few
> May pick truths out of chaos
> Then claim "beauty is truth, truth beauty" to justify
> The injustice of the total lie
> By saying it pressed those diamonds
> From years of dark and terror.

Liberals do not believe that truth and justice depend upon the economic subjugation of the people; I have never heard a liberal-minded man say that. What he does say is that once you give rein to violence and passion, they must die and with them civilisation. That is not an assertion that there *must* be economic exploitation, but a statement about the way of ending it.

The play is the work of one intensely alive to the horrors, cruelties and dangers of our times, who (so I read him) has forced himself to think they must be met in kind. But he can't draw characters in whom that creed is genuine; his Communists are from a garden city despite their ruthless words.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE SCHOOL OF 1938

THE show of English painting at Wildenstein's is a surprise and an encouragement: almost it persuades one that the upper room at the Louvre is no more than a regrettable incident. The encouragement comes from a new generation; the better-known men—Ginner, Morland Lewis, Daintrey—though they may contribute to our pleasure have nothing to do with our surprise. That is due to seeing properly shown, in an important gallery, the work of half a dozen young artists, known already to discriminating amateurs but unknown to the public generally, and realising that we have now to reckon with three or four new and distinct talents. William Coldstream, Victor Pasmore, Graham Bell and perhaps Rodrigo Moynihan have put themselves on the map past question and are in need of a better name than "social realists." I call them the school of 1938, partly because it is only in the last year or so that they have disentangled themselves from the ruck and developed style, partly because they dissociate themselves sharply and, in my opinion, fortunately, from their immediate elders, the post-war school. This is the first exhibition of young painting that I have seen for fifteen years or more from which the influence of Picasso is completely absent. Absent also the influence of the douanier Rousseau and of the Pre-Raphaelites. Not that these young painters are without roots: they have looked intelligently at the Impressionists, have studied Cézanne and Renoir, Bonnard, Degas, Manet and Courbet too. But not one of them is the legitimate descendant, or the bastard even, of Picasso.

Of the English painters of the post-war generation who either misunderstood Picasso or understood the Pre-Raphaelites partially, some attempted to use one or other for the purpose of making wholly unimportant comments on life; while others, emulous perhaps of the Douanier, and making a cult of incompetence, affected a pretty puerility—though one might have supposed that successive exhibitions of children's pictures would have convinced these that at that game the authentic babies always get the best of it. What the 1938 men want to do is to express in form and colour the significance for them of the visual world. The sustenance of their art is what they

see, not what they think or someone else has thought. So they keep their eye on the object.

William Coldstream has acquired, quite unintentionally I surmise, something the air of a master. He sets himself stiff problems. Any painter of talent may undertake to elaborate a decorative theme, and get away with it. But Coldstream has set himself to make three extremely undecorative portraits—the epithet must not be taken as a reflection on the physical charm of the sitters—three "likenesses" I had almost said, and has made three good pictures. You may test them at the most vulnerable points, the hands, the arms, the modelling of the cheeks, and you will not find that he has flinched or fumbled. He employs a curious technique of longish, hatched, downward strokes. His object may be to circumvent some of the difficulties of rendering with beauty and fidelity the intractable contours of the human jowl and of the inhuman collar. I do not know. I find the method satisfying enough; but it is not to be supposed that a man of Coldstream's age and talent will be content to go on in the same manner for the rest of his days. He is sure to experiment, and his experiments are likely to be interesting. If I have a criticism to make, it is of his portrait of Mrs. Woods. Here his imagination has been caught by a human expression, and, with characteristic honesty, he has decided to render it at all risks. Rendered it he has; but in doing so he has laid so emphatic an accent on the mouth as to sacrifice a little the whole to the part. Nevertheless it is a good picture.

Victor Pasmore must be getting used to being called sensitive and sympathetic; here he shows a big picture—*The Parisian Café*—which makes it necessary for the critic to find some more definite adjectives. If all the painting were as good as that of the girl standing up on the left side, the picture would be a masterpiece. Not many living artists could render better a human head and a human body and the stuff stretched tightly across that body; though Bonnard could. By comparison the standing man's figure opposite seems anecdotic almost: and yet it is well drawn and painted. In the best sense of the word Pasmore is a colourist. Observe that he has not feared to plank down amidst his subtle and tenuous harmonies, in the very middle of the canvas, the vivid reds of flowers and the emphatic notes of half-filled wine glasses. The bold stroke is sure because the instinct is sure. Pasmore is an instinctive artist and a painter all over. He loves life and he loves paint.

Graham Bell—no relation of mine, alas!—is highly intelligent. No good movement should be without its theorist and Graham Bell seems cast for the role of Pissarro. Intelligence radiates from his big pictures of an interior, a really remarkable composition, the greatest intellectual achievement of the show. One notes with satisfaction the ingenious way in which he has made the mirror serve the purpose which the arch of a loggia might serve in the work of an Italian master. If one of the figures is a little studentlike that may be accounted for by his resolution to say not a word more than he knows. The figure of the girl is admirable; and the still-life passages are delightful in quality of paint and sureness of observation. It is probable that Graham Bell knows more about painting and painters than the rest of the group; and the references to Cézanne in his Provençal landscape, never servile or apeish but apparent, will be appreciated by scholars and connoisseurs. This is a thoroughly good picture, and it is gratifying to find that it belongs to the director of the National Gallery.

The gift of Rodrigo Moynihan is unmistakable; so is his dexterity: that is why one feels his work to be less promising than that of the artists I have named. His portrait of Mr. Winkworth, brilliantly painted in parts and a striking likeness, is altogether too suggestive of some Proustian character by Manet. And Brighton beach is more like Vlaminck than Brighton. The best of his sending is the portrait of Miss Anrep, a serious if slightly indefinite study, in which the artist's painterlike qualities are overlaid by no superficial dash. I can see no reason why Moynihan should not become a good painter if he wants to.

An example of the good influence of the school, with its adult seriousness and respect for facts, is afforded by the case of a very young and immature painter, Kenneth Rowntree. His earliest picture, painted some three years ago I believe—anyone can spot it for himself—is in the pervasive London Group manner, and might be the work of any able imitator of Kit Wood, were it conceivable that any able student should care to imitate that engaging but typically minor painter. His latest is a serious attempt to render his vision of a small meridional restaurant during that strange, inactive hour when the last luncher is gone and the time to think about serving dinner is not come. Is it by accident that these six unpretentious pictures, displaying a reassuring movement from adolescent sheepishness towards personal conviction, hang next to a panel of seven by Anthony Devas? Remembering the promise shown by that painter a few years ago, and wondering how his latest productions come to hang in such good company, one cannot but suspect that the juxtaposition is not so much an accident as a warning.

One should not overlook Edward Le Bas. He has studied Sisley and Pissarro lovingly and with profit, and as a result gives us two charming works, *Nos.* 41 *and* 46, the best of his panel. There is less of the ardour of the pioneer in his work than in that of Coldstream, Pasmore and Bell; nevertheless, he makes a definite contribution to this important exhibition.

Finally, may I offer a word of thanks to Messrs. Wildenstein? Obviously they have taken great pains in the choosing and hanging of this collection, and the pictures are treated with the utmost respect and shown to the greatest advantage. It must be encouraging for a young artist, used to seeing his pictures jostled by the miscellaneous crowd of members at a Society's exhibition or cramped and cabined in narrow quarters, to see them well hung in a spacious gallery of first-rate importance. It must be exciting and stimulating to see a work of his own hanging on the very spot where he has been used to look for some recognised masterpiece of nineteenth-century

art. No one supposes that for a firm such as Wildenstein an exhibition such as this, even were every picture sold, could be what is called "a paying proposition." But the firm has chosen to give us, instead of an exhibition that might have been commercially profitable, an exhibition which may be of the highest value to British art. CLIVE BELL

MUSIC AT TOYNBEE HALL

TOYNBEE HALL was founded by the late Canon Barnet in 1884 as the first University Settlement at Whitechapel in the Borough of Stepney. The original idea of it was merely to provide an East-End residence for the undergraduates of Oxford University where they might stay for a period and learn how people lived in that part of the world. At first it was a place of research where social conditions might be studied with a view to influencing legislation. Many famous pioneer works owed their origin to Toynbee Hall, among which I need only mention Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the People* (1892), Seebohm Rowntree's *Poverty* (1899) and Sir William Beveridge's *Unemployment* (1906). Apart from this research work which still goes on, Toynbee Hall gradually developed other activities until it became a working-man's university. Its evening classes, for example, have numbered annually about 1,000 students and I believe at present there are about 2,000 students attending various courses there. For some years it has been developing musical and dramatic activities with such success that on its 50th anniversary in 1934-5 an appeal was made to raise money for necessary building extensions, so that it could properly house an East End School of Music and Drama, and provide other necessary amenities. About £50,000 was required and all but £15,000 of this sum has already been raised by friends of Toynbee Hall.

The new building is now in course of erection, and I was invited to see the plans and inspect the structure which will be completed by next autumn. When this building is finished it will provide a properly equipped theatre, seating about 430 people, with a well-designed stage suitable for plays, operas and orchestral concerts together with a workshop and a store for scenery and costumes. In addition there will be on the upper floors of the building class-rooms accommodating 400 students, a recreation room and a much-needed canteen. Any resident of the district can join without fees by becoming a member of one of the numerous clubs or activities of Toynbee Hall.

The idea is for the students to produce their own dramatic and musical performances and Toynbee Hall is fortunate in having as the leading spirit in this department Mr. J. L. Hodgkinson who seems to have the right attitude about the sort of work the students should do. I hope that this East End School of Music and Drama will develop into a serious cultural institution where the highest standards are maintained both in the choice of music and drama performed and in their representation. The human material in that part of London is far above the average, so Mr. Hodgkinson informs me, and I am not at all surprised to hear it. One knows from practical experience that it is among the ordinary uncorrupted public of the poorer neighbourhoods that one finds the most vital and unaffected response to the arts to-day. They have the instinct if not the knowledge and their instinct is on the whole more trustworthy than the knowledge of mere sophistication. They are very quick to detect affectation or insincerity; possibly they are not so quick to see through eloquent but untrustworthy appeals to their emotions and the right label is often sufficient to induce them to accept pinchbeck for gold; but this is where a guide and teacher comes in and I trust that Mr. Hodgkinson is well prepared to sift the chaff from the grain and develop gradually the critical faculties and the judgment of his students and members of this musical and dramatic society.

I should like to see the students of Toynbee Hall form their own orchestra and give performances of concerts and eventually of operas as well as of plays. This should be possible to do with the help occasionally of a few professional musicians. The dramatic side is, of course, much easier to begin and make a display with than the musical. But strictly and in the last resort it is just as difficult, and to see a thoroughly artistic and convincing performance of a play is as rare as to hear a musical performance of the same merit. It is really no harder to play the violin or any other orchestral instrument well than to speak well. In fact, if I were to judge by the evidence of the speakers of verse I have heard broadcast by the B.B.C. I should say the speaking of lyrical verse is much the more difficult.

This reminds me that I heard much better verse speaking than the average at a televised performance last week at the Alexandra Palace of Chaucer's *The Pardoner's Tale*, ably produced by Mr. H. D. C. Pepler. This raised the question of the relative importance of sight and hearing in dramatic performances and I think Mr. Hodgkinson might carry out some experiments with his students at Toynbee Hall when the theatre is available in the autumn to try to clarify our opinions on this subject. At an unofficial meeting at Alexandra Palace, after the Chaucer performance mentioned, there was great diversity of expression on this subject. This is only to be expected because people vary greatly in their relative receptivity aurally and visually. Very few possess an equally developed aural and visual faculty and many find it hard, if not impossible, to concentrate their attention simultaneously on what they see and what they hear. Operatic audiences, for example, are notoriously less musical than concert audiences. At opera the majority get their chief pleasure not from what they hear, but from what they see. For this reason many music-lovers and even musicians have affected to see in opera a debased musical form. It is hard to reconcile this with the fact that many of the most purely and highly gifted composers have had a passion for the operatic form, including that most pure and abstract, perhaps, of all musicians, Mozart. It would seem that the only explanation can be in the different degree of development of these two separate faculties in individuals.

I find no difficulty in seeing and hearing simultaneously with what seems to me equal concentration and, of course, practice must play a part in one's capability in this respect. I would go further and say that I think an added pleasure can be obtained from perfect synchronisation of sound and visual movement, if it is done with imaginative propriety. It is not unlikely that even lyrical verse and lyrical music might have action wedded to it that not only did not detract from the sound values but combined to intensify the effect. Therefore I think that the staff at Alexandra Palace are right in experimenting along these lines and that they should not be afraid of the words being a too important factor in the result just because *vision* is the medium which distinguishes television from broadcasting. It is indeed rather significant of the artistic possibilities of this marriage of sight and sound that the sounds accompanying television are superior in tonal quality to those of ordinary broadcasting. In the matter of fitting verse to action I hope that Mr. Hodgkinson will see his way to making some experiments at Toynbee Hall for this would provide excellent training for his dramatic students, since words are the primary and most important part of drama and always will be. W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Le Puritain," at the Berkeley
"Nina Petrovna," at the Curzon
"Mad About Music," at the Leicester Square
"Merrily We Live," lately at the Empire
"Bringing Up Baby," at the Gaumont (from Sunday)

THE most interesting and uncommon of recent films is *Le Puritain*, and I doubt whether so candid a piece of psychology would have obtained the Censor's approval if submitted as a script for English production. Based on a story of Liam O'Flaherty, it depicts the struggle in the mind

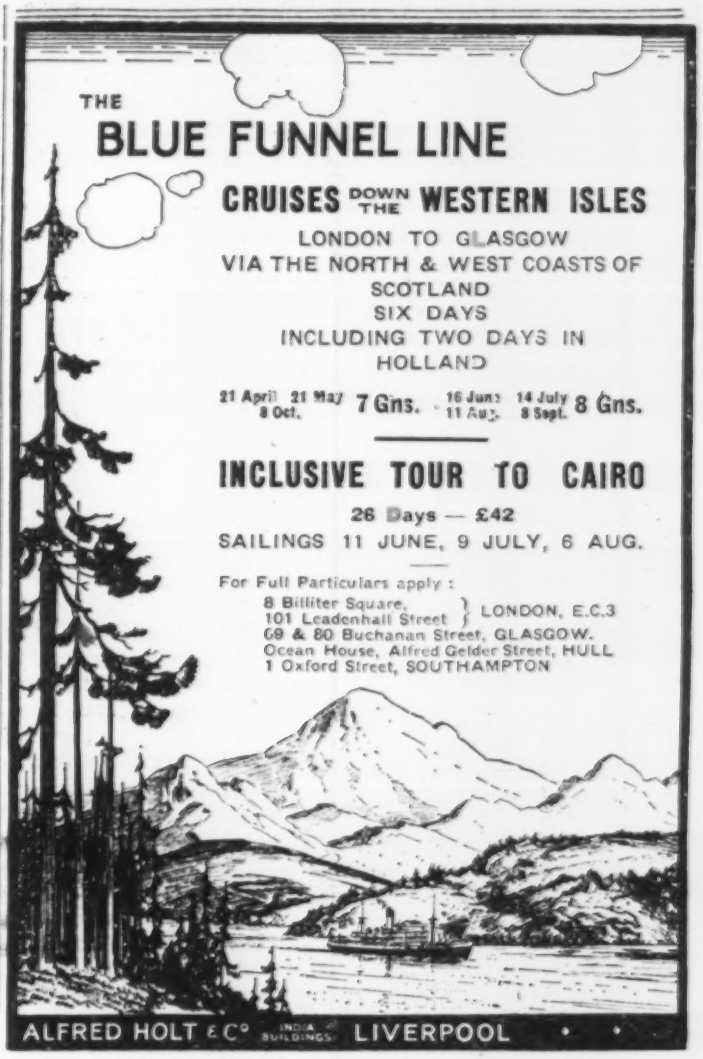
of a young man whose normal sensual appetites have been overlaid by a crust of religious fanaticism. He murders a prostitute who lives in the same cheap lodging-house as himself and whom he had previously tried unsuccessfully to convert. With some plausibility he attempts to fasten the crime on to her lover, but his extreme nervous agitation and hysteria on the subject of sex soon betray him to the police. The most brilliant passage in the film shows the night preceding his arrest, when he wanders through the streets in a daze and on the verge of insanity, and encounters another more humble prostitute, who takes him under her wing. The film-goer is grateful to Mlle. Viviane Romance for one of the few unsentimentalised harlots yet seen on the screen; she wants his money and intends to get it, but her motives are not purely mercenary, and her warm instinctive humanity pathetically draws out the boy's feeling for life's common pleasures. Jean-Louis Barrault plays this scene, and indeed the entire film, with an agonised, searing intensity; his face, his strained bearing bear witness from the outset to the fearful inner struggle: he had loved his victim, and dared not admit it even to himself. The film is a distinguished one, but in spite of the photographic effectiveness of the opening it would have been better, I think, to show us something of his previous relationship with the murdered woman. And the feeling of reality is a little dispelled by uncertainty as to its locale. The names (Kelly, Ferriter, O'Leary) which trip so oddly off the French tongue, and the psychology of the hero, suggest Dublin; but the gaiety of the night-life, if intended for Irish, does Dublin proud, while the minor characters—landladies, café-proprietors, police—are purely French. Do not, however, be put off from seeing the film by such small discrepancies, or by the name of the excellent director—which happens to be Musso.

Like *Le Puritain*, *Nina Petrovna* introduces us to an important new face, a woman's this time; as it is now on its way to Hollywood, where it may well be groomed into something quite different, I shall waste no adjectives on the existing phenomenon, but only remark that Mlle. Isa Miranda is one of the best of recent glamour girls, and *Nina Petrovna* quite a fair glamour film. Nina is the darling of the fastest military set in old St. Petersburg, and when it is time for the gallant gentlemen to decide just whose filly she really is they naturally have recourse to a candle-shooting contest. An Austrian Baron wins her with a deuced fine shot, so we all pack off to old Vienna, where Nina, ensconced in baroque splendour, wilts a little until revived by a chance encounter with a cheeky young lieutenant called Franz—a charming performance by Fernand Gravey. Franz has no idea that he is poaching on his commanding officer's Fortnum and Mason preserves, and the Frau Baronin has no idea what a pretty kettle of fish is simmering around the corner; so we are soon plunged into all the classic *scènes à faire*. How I love those elegant dialogues between wife and mistress which always begin "I imagine you can guess the purpose of my visit" and always end with each woman on the verge of tears at the nobility of soul displayed by the other! Events take their anticipated course with a full quota of borzois, faithful retainers, uniforms, carriages and duels—the whole apparatus of *Alt-Mitropa-higlif*; but Nina's suicide as the regiment marches past her balcony is really poignant because the director has had the wit to allow the receding music to die away into complete silence as the curtains close.

I am afraid that her producers are getting a little solemn about Deanna Durbin. Light-hearted scraps of Verdi and Mozart used to be good enough for her, but now she must attempt something serious. Translated into Los Angelese, that means sanctimonious slush; and so we have the baby diva in Gounod's *Ave Maria* supported by a dubious-looking group of choir-boys in floppy ties and open-work lace tops like doilies. Even out of church things are little better: there is a revolting song called *Chapel Bells* and another called *Serenade to the Stars*. Luckily the engaging tomboy personality has suffered no eclipse; and her opening scene is probably the best in any of her films—a cluster of bicycling, singing schoolgirls presented with some of the freshness and technical style of a Disney cartoon. The other girls are good too, particularly Marcia Mae Jones with her doubtful upper lip and startled eyes. Deanna, whose mother is a film-star unable to acknowledge a girl of 14, and whose father is dead, has to invent an imaginary father to impress the girls. Forced to produce him, she grabs in desperation the first likely male on the station platform, who turns out to be Mr. Marshall—Herbert, unfortunately, not Arthur. Never mind, all this is good enough fun; but the latter part fails to extract pathos from the meeting of mother and daughter, and the film lacks the vivid impulse and excellent casting which carried us over all the romantic improbabilities of 100 *Men and a Girl*. *Mad About Music* has, however, one admirable line. "You're an Englishman?" says Miss Durbin to Mr. Marshall; "how nice!" "Yes," replies Mr. Marshall drily, "we like it."

Finally, two crazy comedies. *Merrily We Live* is one of the best of its kind, and its reappearance at the Ritz should be watched for by all who are not sick of the whole genre. Its plot too obviously derives from *My Man Godfrey*, and Brian Aherne wears his motley more self-consciously than William Powell. But Billie Burke's mother attains (like Parsifal) to a foolishness so pure that it verges on beauty, Bonita Granville presents the comic equivalent of her diabolically horrid little girl in *We Three*, and the dialogue has at times a touch of truly Marxian inconsequence. "There will be," says the butler, "some difficulty about breakfast, madam . . . if I may say so." "You may say so," says Constance Bennett. "There will be," says the butler, "some difficulty about breakfast." "Don't repeat yourself, Grosvenor," says Miss Bennett.

In *Bringing Up Baby* Katherine Hepburn plays a spoilt, foolish but disarmingly good-natured girl who has been sent a tame leopard by her brother. With the aid of this tubby and sweet-tempered pet she pursues Cary Grant for nearly an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hour and threequarters, which was about an hour too long for me: whole reels of slapstick could have been cut with advantage. But there were some very funny scenes, a tiny performance by the great Irish actor Barry Fitzgerald which in the middle of the knockabout caught the wayward tune of true comedy, and—when all else failed—Miss Hepburn herself to look at. That is an occupation of which I do not easily tire.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Operette," at His Majesty's Theatre

Mr. Noel Coward has whipped up song and sentiment and nostalgia for the safe, gay days into something as tasty as usual. *Operette* has been one more good idea. It contains an authentic heart-break, some period numbers sung in front of a drop-scene, a play inside a play, some quite excellent sets, and Miss Fritzi Massary—which last inclusion would justify anything. Miss Irene Vanbrugh appears, for too short a time, in a scene very suitably built for her. Mr. Griffith Jones looks nice, and emits one unnerving sob. Miss Peggy Wood, to whom pelisses are not kind, will no doubt not disappoint her admirers. To sit through *Operette* is to salute the genius with which Mr. Coward varies a formula. He has, too, an unfailing touch on the crisis-before-last. For *Operette* recalls not only 1906 but, by its theme, those more recent days (how happy they seem now) when all England balanced Love against Duty, and talked themselves hoarse about a royal predicament. The predicament is Lord Vaynham's, in 1906. Hitherto stern in his view of life, he falls, while on leave from the Regiment in India, in love with Rosanne Grey, one of the sextette in *The Model Maid*. About the same time, she becomes the leading lady. She has time, however, to reciprocate Lord Vaynham's passion: they love, and promise to marry. However, his mother intervenes—this was Miss Vanbrugh's scene. The lovers agree to part—for he is the hope of the Messiters, also, to marry a musical comedy actress would be the end of him with the Regiment. So they do part, across a table in a private room at Romano's: Miss Wood pins her hat on and goes to resume her career; Mr. Griffith Jones emits the sob. Duty triumphs—as she almost always does not. The emotion is quite disturbing, but not important: the moment belongs to the safe Past. Slight confusion arises from the interposition of *The Model Maid* scenes with the scenes of *Operette*. Not enough distinction is made between two planes of unreality. This might be avoided if *The Model Maid* scenes could be enclosed in a second, smaller proscenium arch. Apart from this small point—which should be the producer's concern—the decor is faultless, as are the dresses. Neither could be more evocative, more dashing. This is, distinctly, Miss Gladys Calthrop's evening—in so far as it is not Miss Fritzi Massary's. Miss Calthrop's satirical sense of time-colour has been seldom better displayed—or her sense of detail, down to the last malmaison on a grand piano, the last whirl of braid on a bolero. The blue *Strand Magazine* cover drop is a *tour de force*. It needed this comprehensive imagination to put *Operette* across: it has been put across—as far as it will go. As for Miss Fritzi Massary, she is stupendous. She brings to our rather dull stage a long-lost wit and glamour. She should be *seen*, for she has that most rare, purely theatrical quality from which the written adjective falls away. . . . There are some catchy songs: notably "Dearest Love" and "Where are the Songs we Sung?"

"The King of Nowhere," at the Old Vic

This Bridie play at the Old Vic makes a very good evening's entertainment—and we become less easy to entertain. It could be like a Pirandello, but it is not. The scene is set in Scotland, the action along that more than uncertain line that separates the *idée fixe* from insanity. Vivaldi, the actor, who has been prey to a series of private horrors, escapes from Dr. McGilp's mental home on the moors to a country house commanded by Miss Rimmer and her dangerous fantasy. In twenty years of spinsterhood, isolation, angry subjection to a rich uncle's whims, she has worked out a Scheme that is to save the country, possibly Europe too: now the Scheme is completed and Miss Rimmer, set free by her uncle's death and with an immense fortune, is already looking round for its figurehead. On the dramatic figure of Vivaldi she, inevitably, pitches her great idea, and, later, her passion: she is thirty-nine. Vivaldi is born to command, but to command shadows only. Zeal, wealth, and the final touch of inspiration from Vivaldi put the Scheme on foot: within a month it has spread. What should be the first of a string of momentous rallies is held, out in Miss Rimmer's garden, in the dark. But meanwhile, Dr. McGilp has called to reclaim his patient. Before the end of the play, the fluid playboy Vivaldi and the fanatic Rimmer have, equally, victimised each other. The shadows reclaim Vivaldi. *The King of Nowhere* is very well-built. The compactness of the three acts, their domestic circumstantiality, keep the play to the ground in (theatrically) a good sense: it is never purely ideological. Some excellent, very engaging comedy is contributed by Miss Rimmer's two lieutenants, Captain Johnnie Buller and pretty, smug Nurse Appleby—who, having stayed on at the Moor House for a holiday, early discards her uniform and comes out in a series of disastrous "little frocks." Mr. A. R. Whatmore and Miss Sylvia Coleridge could hardly be better, in these roles. Miss Marda Vanne, as Miss Rimmer, puts in the best of her cool, forceful, finished acting—only, she is too *soignée*, not only in her person but in her manner: not quite farouche enough. Mr. Laurence Olivier can, of course, do Vivaldi on his head: he takes his few hurdles, his few alarming moments, with weary ease. The performance of the evening was Mr. Alexander Knox's Dr. McGilp. McGilp, the alienist, is the play's big figure: his awful patience circumscribes everyone. . . . *The King of Nowhere* is one of the least silly plays at present in London, and the Old Vic has done well in presenting it.

The Ballet Club at the Mercury Theatre

The latest production of Mme. Rambert's Ballet Club is *La Péri*, with choreography by Mr. Frank Staff. He has introduced some movements too boisterous for so small a stage, but there are inventions that show promise. Nadia Benois's scenery is delightful, and so are the Persian costumes of Iskander's wives. The abbreviated *tutus* or cutlet-frills worn by the peris are less felicitous. The ballet was given life by the brilliant Dukas music, which was played outstandingly well by Mr. Charles Lynch. The rest of the programme included Mr. Frederick Ashton's *Foyer de Danse* with music by Lord Berners—a ballet that lasts very well; the Peter Warlock *Capriol Suite*, *Death and the Maiden*, with Andrée Howard; and the charming *Tartans*. Mr. Walter Gore from the Sadler's Wells was dancing, as well as the usual constellation of Mme. Rambert's pupils. The Ballet Club is giving performances open to the public on Wednesdays. Here is an enchanting atmosphere of youth, enthusiasm and taste.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 26th—
- Exhibition of Spring Flowers and Children's Paintings, Royal Horticultural Hall, 1.
- F. J. Fisher on "America To-day," London University, 7.30.

SUNDAY, March 27th—
- Miss Marjorie Bowen on "Religious Enthusiasms—a Short Study," Conway Hall, 11. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30.
- John Murphy on "Civilisation," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- P. Noel-Baker on "Making the League Reality," 86 Rochester Row, 8.
- "Summer for Seven," Arts.

TUESDAY, March 29th—
- Prof. Arthur Newell on "What American People are Thinking," Friends House, 1.20.
- All Parties Women's Meeting for Peace and Democracy. Speakers: Duchess of Atholl, Lady Layton, Ellen Wilkinson and others. Friends House, 3.
- Prof. W. M. Macmillan on "Africa in Empire and Commonwealth and in World Affairs," Royal Empire Society, 6.30.
- Waiata Maori Choir, Kingsway Hall, 8. And on March 30th, Central Hall, Westminster.
- "The Zeal of Thy House," Westminster.
- "Moonshine," Ambassadors.

WEDNESDAY, March 30th—
- Children's Minimum Council Lunch on B.M.A. Minimum Diet. Chairman: Lord Horder. London School of Economics, 1.

THURSDAY, March 31st—
- Charles Madge on "Description in Science and Poetry," 4 Fitzroy Street, 8.
- The Film of the Ethiopian War: "The Birth of an Empire," with addresses by Dr. A. W. C. Martin, The Dean of Canterbury and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Kingsway Hall, 8. Tickets 1s. to 1gn.
- Concert of Chamber Music by the Griller Quartet in aid of Spanish Relief, at the Hampstead Concert Studio, 153 Finchley Road, 8.15. Tickets from Mrs. Darling, 9 Buckland Cres., N.W.3.
- "Painted Smile," New.

FRIDAY, April 1st—
- G. Padmore on "Imperialism and War," Essex Hall, 8.15.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

PEOPLE who don't work with their hands have muddled feelings about those that do. They feel cleaner, superior, more refined, but in a morally inferior position. They feel ashamed of their advantages but envious of the labourer's rude health and guess that manual work is the secret of much happiness. At other times they feel sure that work is always a terrible sort of slavery. For political reasons they are interested in the workman's pay, health, hours of work and general welfare, but not often in his actual job, though a crowd always gathers in the street to watch when a workman is seen doing skilled work. The small boy avoids these muddles as he gazes with reverence not at the carpenter, but at the moulding planes and chisels. Only when he has learned all the details about their use does his interest work round to the man using them. This is a more sensible approach, for until one knows the details of what kind of work a man does, one knows very little about the sort of man he is, or the chances he has of happiness. For that reason the idea behind *Seven Shifts* (Secker and Warburg, 7*s.* 6*d.*)—that of getting manual workers to write about their jobs—is good and it is to be hoped it will be followed by companion volumes. Of course, these seven essays are not particularly representative and the writers have not been selected by chance but because the editor knew them. It may be assumed that political interests were originally the link between them. Secondly, they were men who had the energy and self-confidence to take on a piece of writing during their few hours of leisure. The editor writes a breezy preface in which he first assures one that "these lads never let you down, if you have patience with them," and then admits that there should have been eight of them but that one defaulted. "That one is still missing. If you run across him in some pub or other, get him to talk to you—he's good."

* * *

Every job is different, but almost all manual labour demands skill. As James Stirling, steelworker, writes:

> There was nothing in this job. Unskilled labour. There are ways and ways of working a hot tube of steel on to a barrow, but unskilled labour is an easy term to use, particularly for people who have never tried labour of any kind.

The division is not so much between the jobs requiring skill and those which don't as between the jobs which need a little planning and thinking out and the insufferably tedious jobs in which the workman has no sort of freedom at all. Thus an agricultural labourer finds the job of building a haystack, or laying a hedge completely absorbing at the time and also something which he can look back on with pride, while a day spent lobbing mangolds into a hopper makes him feel sour with the world. Serving a machine usually needs a good deal of skill and if it also requires concentration the hours slide by astonishingly fast, but at its best it never leaves the happy taste of the man planning his work. At its worst it is the inhuman tedium of turning a knob in Réné Clair's gramophone factory. The rationalising of factories in the workers' interests, to get rid of these sub-human repetitive occupations, which at present are being multiplied, would do far more to increase happiness than raising the standard of living. It must be remembered that not one of the writers of *Seven Shifts* had one of these intolerable occupations. Jack Hilton, the plasterer, seems to me the luckiest. Always perched on a ladder, or on light scaffolding, with a "hawk" (the little board carrying the plaster) on his left wrist, and the trowel in his right hand, soaked in sweat, in a house the walls of which run with moisture while the winds whistle through the empty windows, he slaps and spreads the mixture through the laths over his head. Sometimes a lump of lime falls in his eye and his mate has to render first aid at once, pulling open the lids and licking it out with his tongue. All the time he is working, he has to be bending back his head to see what he is doing. But his job has scarcely changed since Roman times: and if the opportunity for ornamental pargeting offered, Hilton would instantly become a craftsman artist.

* * *

In the same class is J. H. Watson, who works at a blast furnace. After describing his work in detail he writes:

> No doubt this sounds very dull, but I can assure those people who have never seen a blast furnace that I have worked on one for a dozen years and assisted at two or more tappings a shift, and I still get a feeling of awe, sometimes a mood of exhilaration, when we tap. I have attempted to describe a process step by step, but when I add that sometimes we tap in ten minutes, that is to say that we drive the bar, the iron begins to run, and in ten minutes seven men have actually man-handled fifty to eighty tons of molten metal, apportioning it out to each bed, you will perhaps understand the demands made upon each man.

In another place he writes:

> The handling of molten iron is an elemental affair: there is kinship between it and me.

He not only feels that his own job is one of the oldest and best, but he has a profound contempt for all sedentary occupations and is convinced that manual labour is the cure for most ills.

> Many folk don't seem to know how much they suffer needlessly when a job of work could put them right. Lassitude, inertia, constipation, weariness, boredom; the logical natural and inevitable inheritance of parsons, lawyers, medicos, teachers, especially teachers, clerks, journalists, film-stars, civil servants, tradesmen, shopkeepers, engineers, laboratory assistants and general staffs, could be eliminated from society in three months if the law compelled every person to dig, hew, draw water or some other form of hard labour to induce a sweating condition . . .

He can write like Carlyle or D. H. Lawrence:

> Sweat is distilled blood and the more educated one is the more precious becomes one's idea of blood, therefore, the final assumption that one must not lose it in any shape or form, not because one cannot afford to lose it, but because by losing it one is treacherous towards education and idleness, the twin sisters in modern idolatry, twin brides of emasculated man.

* * *

As far as the world's goods go, Mr. McCullough is probably the luckiest: he is passed fireman on the L.N.E.R. and has never known unemployment. His wages average £3 10*s.* to £4 a week, and he gets a week's holiday with pay and free passes. He can't be sacked without good reason. He writes like a happy man, but he has to serve his engine and never make a mistake. He will run to schedule time for the rest of his life. Incidentally, he tells such wonderful yarns about pilfering on the railway that I can scarcely understand how it is that I have never lost anything in the fourteen years I have used the L.N.E.R. Mr. Herbert Mannion is a good writer who brings out the rollicking side of working-class life. He stresses the thirst-raising qualities of a shift at the gasworks, and gives a fine chronicle of the pints put down.

> Saturday night is the time to let themselves go: no work on Sunday to get up for, so a few extra drinks make no difference next morning, when the long Sunday lie-in is their due after a week of attending to the factory buzzer. There they are, nipping in and out of pubs, meeting relatives, friends, happening on an old workmate or neighbour they haven't seen for months. Everybody buying something, the women clamouring round fruit stalls knowing what they want; the men standing quietly listening to cheapjacks and quacks. . . .

He is, in fact, a most delightful optimist who makes the gasworks appear a place of lurid enchantments. Mr. Simon Blumenfeld gives a dispassionate pessimistic account of keeping a stall in the market. The growth of the great chain stores is slowly ruining the small man, and destroying human happiness and intelligence as it does so. Whoever heard wit and repartee in a chain store where the girls look like sour slaves? Then there is Mr. Will Oxley's contribution. He was unemployed for very many years, and his story is more that of a criminal than a workman. Since we tend to regard criminals as the products of their environment, it is perhaps logical that we should treat unemployed men as though they were criminals on remand. But almost any treatment on earth would be better than harrying them and ruining them by leaving them idle. Labour camps and public works would be far better.

DAVID GARNETT

"MY SWEET ROSE, MY DEAR ROSE, BE MERRY"

Shakespearian Comedy. By H. B. CHARLTON. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Shakespeare's Young Lovers. By ELMER EDGAR STOLL. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

Comedy as an art and an attitude still waits for its analyst and expositor. More ink has been spilt over *Hamlet* than over all Shakespeare's comedies put together. Aristotle's lecture notes on tragedy have been more copiously glossed, more subtly anatomised than Shakespeare's heroines, for ever young and still to be enjoyed: a fact, curious rather than regrettable, which provokes speculation and admits of wide solution. Comedy, if we may throw out a generalisation or two, is concerned with things temporal, tragedy with things eternal: tragedy leaves us exalted, comedy sets us down a peg: comedy mirrors society in miniature, tragedy reveals and magnifies the individual: tragedy is the great globe itself, yea, all it doth inherit, on which Man suffers and aspires: comedy, in scholastic phrase, is the sphere whose moving intelligence is Woman.

The symbol and mouthpiece of the English comic spirit is, or was, the heroine, the *jeune fille en fleur*, the English Miss, polished on occasion by a French *gouvernante*. Time and space cannot divide Rosalind from Millamant, Millamant from Elizabeth Bennet; Beatrice from Sophia Western, Sophia Western from Clara Middleton. From Chaucer's Constance to Tess Durbeyfield, from Criseyde to Bathsheba Everdene, from the Prioress with her Anglo-Norman accent to dear Lily Dale ("a French prig"), they are (with all their differences) sisters under the skin. Indeed, looking beyond the reach of comedy, it makes no matter that Juliet's balcony overlooks Verona while Catharine Earnshaw dreams on a Yorkshire moor. But now Time and Mary Wollstonecraft and Emily Davies and the Novelists have changed all that. The Emancipation of Woman is complete. The Cause is won. These rosebuds blooming in English garden and hedgerow from Canterbury to Barchester are cut and gathered. Is it with rebellious Miss Eyre, or passionate Sister Maggie, or Lyndall of the South African Farm, that the new heroine steps on to the stage? For the authors of *What Maisie Knew* and *Women in Love* and *The Waves*, the heroines of yesterday are but petals from blown roses on the grass. The hungry generations tread them down.

The Shakespearean heroine, the boy-girl-boy, is the prototype of them all. She (or he) is a free spirit within her limits, free in the duplicity of sex, free in her youthfulness, neither squash nor peascod, codling nor apple. ("He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.") A free spirit and a reconciliation of opposites; of realism and romance, of sentiment and sanity, of mirth and sorrow, of poetry and prose; extending one hand to Titania and the other to Doll Tearsheet. Time may transform her into a Cleopatra or an Imogen. At once the creator, creature and critic of love, loving in herself and the cause of love in other men. There abideth Beatrice (faith), Viola (hope), Rosalind (love): and the greatest of these is Rosalind.

The begetting of Rosalind is (in four words) Professor Charlton's real theme; and it is the learning, wisdom and devotion of this most gentle pulpiteer which have beguiled the present reviewer into so tedious a homily of love and the comic heroine, to weary your parishioners withal. Professor Charlton's book has been some ten years a-growing; fast-rooted in fruitful scholarship, pruned and tended, bearing annual fruit in an extempore lecture (*mirabile dictu*) at the John Rylands Library. Professor Charlton disclaims any suggestion that his title should pair him with A. C. Bradley. Indeed his purpose is very different. The evolution, development and realisation of Shakespearean comedy is his study, and he is more illuminating on Shakespeare's experiments than on his masterpieces. If one were to venture a general criticism it would be that only some fifteen pages out of three hundred are closely devoted to the great three. Some will feel also that "the Dark Comedies" and more especially *Troilus and Cressida* do not fit entirely happily into his scheme; that the Falstaff lecture might add even more to Bradley's Rejection of Falstaff; that *Love's Labour's Lost* deserves further appreciation in its context; that the inferiority of *Much Ado* to its two companions could be profitably examined. But these are slight doubts and disagree-

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ments, raised on the first reading of a book which will be taken from the shelf time and time again. It can stand with Bradley and MacCallum and the American W. W. Lawrence, as an invaluable piece of academic elucidation.

The problem which Shakespeare had to solve when he set up as dramatist was one of form and content. He had to pour the new wine of renaissance emotion into the old bottles of Roman comedy. That emotion was compounded of various elements: medieval romance and the code of chivalry; Mariolatry and Dante's Beatrice; Provençal song, Petrarchan sonnet, the favour and prettiness of the Pléiade; the pastoral scene and pagan hierarchy. Love, in short, as we know it in Spenser's *Epithalamium*, in Sidney's *Arcadia* and *Astrophel*, in the Elizabethan song books. "Although," writes the Professor, "between a fully grown romantic comedy such as *As You Like It*, and a Roman comedy such as the *Menaechmi* of Plautus, there may appear to be the widest difference in matter and in spirit, the one has in fact grown out of the other by a gradual modification of the current view of the way of a man with a maid. Classical dramatists dealt freely with the amorous intrigues between young men and girls; but solicitation is a social institution, whereas wooing is a mystical experience." And he shows us how in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Shakespeare failed to adapt the world of mediaeval romance to the service of comedy; how *The Comedy of Errors* is a recoil from romance, in which Shakespeare turns his back on the problem and learns his job as plotter and dramatist; how in *The Taming of the Shrew* (with Italian predecessors to aid him) he achieves a compromise, yet still shelves the problem rather than solves it; how in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the dramatist first consciously realises his idea of comedy and the poet brings about the transformation, the reconciliation of contraries, the new interinanimation of content and form. May one not add that, despite what Johnson has to say (and justly) about Shakespeare's independence of Love as a dramatic motive, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ranks with *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* above all his other comedy, just because in these three Love in all its phases, degrees, attitudes, delusions, actualities and impossibilities, Love is the subject, the controlling idea. And what poet or playwright before or since has fathomed that subject as did the author of "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame" and of "Love is not love, which alters when it alteration finds, And bends with the remover to remove"? From the Sonnets as from the sea-foam arises Rosalind.

Would Professor Stoll subscribe to this? In his three lectures here reprinted—Professor Charlton's great book (more reasonably priced) takes the shine out of them a little—he gives us some riders to his pet theorems founded on Aristotelian axiom and familiar to readers of his rebellious and revolutionary *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare*. "What interests Shakespeare, and should interest us, is not so much the motives but what is moved." Motivation is for story, not for psychology. The passions themselves are the true dramatist's objective. In these appreciations of Shakespeare's heroines, from Portia to Perdita, Professor Stoll is in vacation mood more than is his wont. Allusive as ever, he bears his cloak of learning more lightly. His purpose is to make us *listen* to Viola and Beatrice, to catch their tones, accent and emphasis, to feel and apprehend, not to comprehend and calculate. His hundred pages serve as dessert, as good talk over the nuts and wine, while we digest the rich and solid eight-course banquet to which Professor Charlton invites us. GEORGE RYLANDS

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(FOUNDED JUNE 30th, 1936)

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British Foreign Policy. (23/3/38)
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FRANCE'S PEASANTRY

Peasantry and Crisis in France. By NEIL HUNTER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Hunter has studied French agricultural problems at first hand, and his book contains much valuable material, though some of it is arranged in such a way that the reader is left with a rather confused impression. An index might perhaps have helped, but there is none. Mr. Hunter's main point is that "the much vaunted stability of French rural society does not bear close examination." In this he is right; though perhaps he is so much concerned with the various factors of instability that he loses sight of the factors of stability—both social and economic—which, after all, still exist in the greater part of rural France. The book deals with numerous aspects of French agriculture—the predominance of the small agricultural unit, which, together with the high protection French agriculture enjoys, largely accounts for the technically backward methods of cultivation; though Mr. Hunter rightly emphasises at the same time the highly rationalised production on many of the big estates, and the increasing concentration in big capitalist hands of milling, and of the Paris meat and milk market. The anti-trust feelings of the French peasants partly account for their Left votes. Interesting also is Mr. Hunter's description of the up-to-date plant in the Gard "where 600,000 hectolitres are annually pumped down a pipe line connecting the vats with the specially constructed containers on the railway." The same co-operative establishment has also installed plant which can convert red wine into white. The wine in question is, of course, *vin ordinaire*. Mr. Hunter also deals—though not conclusively—with the problem of distribution and the unusually high number of "rakes-off" which largely account for the high cost of living in France. Other subjects touched upon are the distribution of land; the yield of the different crops; the various forms of land tenure like *métayage*—on this Mr. Hunter is most instructive—the lack of amenities in the French villages, which partly accounts for the "flight from the land," and the employment of much foreign farm labour; there are also in the book curious bits of information not known even to many Frenchmen: for instance, that champagne is mostly made from black grapes, the skins being removed before fermentation; or that Camembert is made not only in its native Normandy, but in many other parts of France.

But, as already said, the material is not used to its best advantage, and is presented in a somewhat haphazard fashion. Important new developments like the Office du Blé are hardly dealt with in an adequate way, except that the author tells us that "the Office is mainly responsible for the big rise in the price of wheat"—a statement which to-day the French peasants would seriously dispute. Before the Office was established wheat prices were already rising, and by stabilising them the Office has, if anything, kept them moderately low; for the Socialist Government which had the Office du Blé law passed was interested at least as much in cheap bread as in dear wheat. Perhaps Mr. Hunter also exaggerates when he speaks of the high taxation to which French agriculture is subjected, and of "the rawness of the deal which it has been getting for a long time." No doubt indirect taxes—such as transport dues—are high, but they fall mostly on the consumer; and as for direct taxes, has Mr. Hunter examined the

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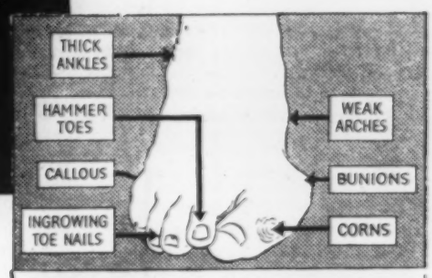

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It seems a pity that Mr. Hunter should have spoiled a useful and serious book on an important and difficult subject—for it *is* useful in spite of its bad arrangement—by some completely irrelevant "anti-Fascist" explosions.

> Emboldened by success, the Fascist forces took the offensive, and on February 9, 1934, staged their assault on the Chamber of Deputies. That night was one of the most critical in the history of France, perhaps of the world. For hours the workers of Paris fought with the Fascists, who in the end were compelled to draw off their forces.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the February riots, but this deserves the booby-prize. The Concorde riots were on the 6th—and not on the 9th—of February, and the workers had nothing to do with them. The fighting was between the "Fascists" and the police. Any Communists present were on the side of the rioters. On the 9th of February there was fighting between Communists and the police; but that was around the Place de la République, and not outside the Chamber of Deputies, and no "Fascists" were involved. *L'histoire telle qu'on on l'écrit.*

A. B.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE

Women of To-day. By MARGARET COLE. *Nelson.* 5s.

This modest little book needs two things: a short preface, and a bibliography.

The preface to explain for whom it was meant. Mrs. Cole gives no hint of a special public; one has to find out gradually and by inference that she is writing for schoolgirls—with the object (I gather) of inspiring them to make their lives sublime, or socially useful at any rate. And there remains a doubt how old they are supposed to be—whether almost grown up, or almost liable to be addressed as "my little dears." The author's tone in general is one of equality, but she has now and then a strange spasm of writing down.

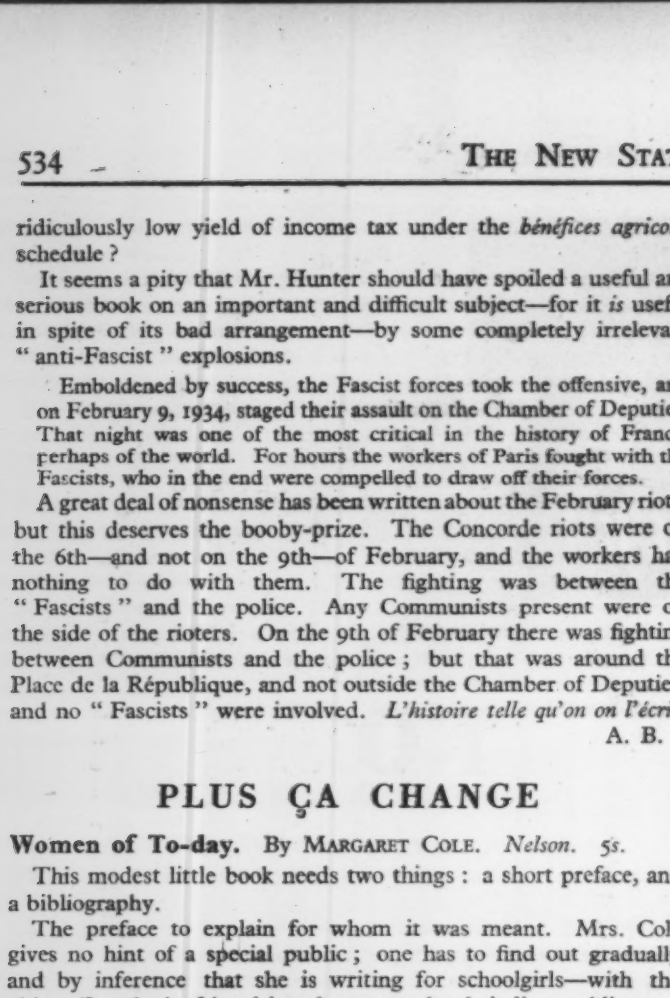
The bibliography would be simple. There is (for instance) a sketch of Dame Ethel Smyth which comes out of Dame Ethel's memoirs almost entirely—but they are not mentioned by name. And so on. This will be provoking to adult readers, and even young people, if they like the book, might like to go farther.

The studies themselves are very readable and pleasant. Of course they vary in interest with Mrs. Cole's personal knowledge of the sitters and her grasp of their work; every type of career has been included, but the author cannot do much with Laura Knight, Ethel Smyth, or Rosita Forbes. There is something comic in the remark that Dame Laura "is now at the top of the tree, can paint what she likes and command what prices she likes," and in the recital of a long list of distinctions conferred upon her. On the other hand, with Mrs. Sidney Webb the author is on known ground; this is the most amusing of the sketches, and there are very good ones on Mary Macarthur, Annie Besant, and (rather unexpectedly) Edith Cavell. *A propos* of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett, Mrs. Cole brings in a general sketch of the Women's Movement, and the particular struggles of the woman doctor almost vanish for lack of space. She might have referred her young people to Charles Reade's fascinating and indignant account of them in *A Woman-Hater*.

Undoubtedly this collection of ardent workers is most impressive—and well calculated to arouse a spirit of emulation. "I cannot think," wrote Mary Macarthur a little before her death, "of a greater happiness to wish my own child than that she should, like me, be enabled to spend herself fully and freely in the cause of an ideal in which she believes." All these women seem, in fact, to have led unusually happy lives; some of them prove (should the schoolgirl of to-day require proof) that no degree of "strong-mindedness" is in itself an obstacle to getting a husband and getting on with him—only it is clear he should be someone of like interests and good intelligence; and if a husband and a vocation were incompatible, no doubt it would be exceedingly short-sighted to choose the husband. So far one may agree with Mrs. Cole. But her modernism goes rather farther than that. She implies, almost, that it was impossible for any woman to live contentedly under the old regime who had a soul to be saved. She appears to think that society girls of to-day are well educated, and that Victorian young ladies were never taught anything. She has, altogether, an exaggerated view of the differences between past and present. For instance, Lady Henry Somerset in her girlhood was not allowed to read freely—and this is supposed to be out of date. But many aspiring girls' schools even now have a double censorship, aesthetic and moral; the chief effect of which, indeed, is that Angela Brazil has to be read covertly or reserved for the holidays. Lady Henry was educated—but we are supposed to regard her education as idiotic. "Here is the programme of a single day for Isabel: 9.30 to 10, German translation; 10 to 10.30, practising; 10.30 to 11, learn German poetry; 11 to 11.30, music lesson; 11.30 to 12, read German; 1.15 to 1.45, lie flat and learn *Chambers's Questions*; 4.30 to 5.30, lie flat and hear Greek history read aloud; 5.30 to 6.30, write German letter; 6.30 to 7, singing. Another day would be a "French day" . . . and of course there was also Scripture and drawing and perhaps a little botany; but of subjects which girls at school to-day enjoy, hardly anything. It makes one indignant to think that six and a half hours of precious time could be so wasted and so boring." But what, actually, is peculiar about Isabel's day except the lying flat (which sounds delightful) and the *Chambers's Questions*? Indeed, even these, under the title of General Knowledge, are coming in again.

Mrs. Cole should have gone a little slower; she writes in a pleasant easy style, but her grammar is shaky, and there are other symptoms of haste. Saints we learn, for instance, "have that tremendous driving power which moves mountains which seemed absolutely immovable."

K. JOHN



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Castilian Literature. By A. F. G. BELL. *Oxford.* 15s.

After the cool, orderly and judicious histories of Spanish literature produced by Fitzmaurice Kelly and Merimée, Mr. Bell's book strikes one as being a heroic muddle. A lifetime of reading and erudition has gone into it, a passionate enthusiasm and a profound feeling for the Spanish point of view; to this the critic of Luis de Leon has added a discursive brilliance in which platitude, repetition and epigram collide with a baffling lack of discrimination. No student could read him without profit and without catching some of his warmth; but his method is really no method at all, and his chief ideas could have been placed more profitably in a couple of essays than left to boil over and repeat themselves to the length of a substantial literary history.

Mr. Bell's first step is to limit his study to Castile, not only

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because one gets a momentous group of great works, but because the Spanish mind crystallised in Castile. There is not one Spain but many; and in Castile the Spanish mind found, in its great period, a unity of spirit in the ideas of nation and God. Mr. Bell's next step, however, destroys the economy of the first one. For, chilled by the chronological histories in which individuals—and Spanish individuals at that!—lose their natural stature in groups, periods and movements, he decided to discuss Castilian writers in their relation to such ideas as originality, universalism, comprehensiveness, democracy, individualism, concrete expression, imaginative power, beauty, balance, realism, humour, etc., all of which have separate chapters. Well, obviously this means doing the same thing over and over again. The Archpriest of Hita, or the author of Lazarillo de Tormes, is, of course, original, universal, democratic, etc., etc., and even more austere spirits like Luis de Leon or Santa Teresa are nearly as ubiquitous in such a spiritual geography. This fragmentation is irritating and repetitive and merely means, as far as particular praise or criticism is concerned, that Mr. Bell is chasing up and down the ages dispatching brief telegrams of enthusiasm and does not give himself time to develop many of his more interesting opinions.

The reason for all this is that Mr. Bell burns with an almost crusading indignation at the condescension of French and Frenchified criticism towards Spanish literature. *Brillante et bornée*, said Taine. The answer to that criticism is fundamentally political and—Mr. Bell would add, for I am sure his politics are different from mine—religious. The Castilian mind is medieval. But it rejected the new individualism of the Renaissance not, he would argue, from obscurantism, but because the anarchy of the Spanish mind needed absolute authority to hold it together. One nation, one universal faith—that belief was a psychological need which made the Spanish greatness, just as it, necessarily, ensured that in the decadence there would be a massive façade with a hollow inside. (Such a need might easily make Communist dogma more acceptable to Spain than is often thought.) But whatever the political consequences were, one abiding result which has struck all who have had contact with Spain since the European breakdown is that the Spaniards have preserved the medieval sense of personality. In literature they have borrowed all the time from western Europe, but they have put upon it the stamp of something Europe had lost; and foreign Communists who said that "complete men" could not exist in our society, but only in the revolutionary Arcadia, have all been dumbfounded to find the creature in Europe's most backward country. And only in the last generation when the incursion of Europe had become more marked, was it possible to a limited extent to point, as the Countess Pardo Bazan did, to the danger of Spanish writers becoming isolated from the people.

Foreign readers of Spanish have been disappointed, because they belong to a different period of political evolution. The Spaniard is either dealing without embarrassment with final issues, or being eccentric and brilliant about them. We live in a more intimate and protectively departmentalised world. We fall back on our culture, they, albeit with the irony or agony of the defeated, upon Nature. There is, of course, something draughty and tedious as well as elevating about the Absolute. There is a great deal to be said for the civilised relativism which the Renaissance brought us. But I can't help thinking that though Mr. Bell underrates the anti-clericalism or frank atheism of the modern movement, he is more or less right when he says that the Inquisition and the authority of the faith did not make the old Spaniards write with their tongues in their cheeks. Their Catholicism was none the less felt for comfortably housing the scepticism natural to man. And he makes a shrewd point when he points out that we owe our picture of the fervent gloom of Castile to non-Castilians—Zurbarán, Greco, even Zuloaga in painting, Unamuno, Azorín and Antonio Machado in modern letters—who have missed the gaiety, the irony, the lyricism, the abounding energy of Castile in laying all their stress on the grim externals of the religious and political drama which it played. For modern taste, Mr. Bell believes rather much in that curious mystery called national character. Modern research has traced the isolation and fantasy of the Spanish mind, its lack of civilised intimacy, its impatience with any halfway house between soul and body, to the late survival of pastoral life. If Mr. Bell's comparison of the Castilian and English temperaments—where parallels have struck many people—had been taken to its political roots, he might have been valuable rather than merely intriguing. But literary as he is, Mr. Bell is very stimulating; he has turned me again to the neglected Spanish shelf.

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My England. By EDWARD SHANKS. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

In this pleasantly discursive book Mr. Shanks avoids those over-ingenious generalisations with which foreigners often seek to explain the English character. But he gives us a number of lively comments, and by quoting some of these one can best give a notion of his mind.

> The defeat of the Spanish Armada was not the defeat of a large bully by a small hero: it was a battle between a large herd of cows and a small pack of wolves.

> It is clear that England was not always a hedged country. There can have been no such divisions between the fields over which the troopers commanded by Rupert and Cromwell charged their opponents. The ground on which most of the "battles" of the Civil War were fought would to-day be impossible for any sort of serious cavalry work.

> The industrialisation of the South of England is reflected in the fact that there are now four southern clubs in the First Division of the Football League. . . . Southern spectators can now produce the money to put a first-rate team in the field.

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> The advocate who earns £50,000 a year is either giving an unfair advantage to the client who can afford his fees, or else cheating him. There may be an answer to this, but I have never yet heard it.

If you like these extracts, you will like much of Mr. Shanks's book. He has a bottom of good sense, which he shows whether he is talking about the jury-system, the aristocracy, the ridiculous sham-amateurism of lawn-tennis players, the Church of England, the growing power of the Civil Servant, or the self-assertiveness of the Scotch. He is a poet who has been largely inspired by the English countryside, yet he is wise about those who wreck its beauties.

> Nothing can be achieved by bidding the inhabitants of Peacehaven back to the cities whence they came. . . . If our cities are sprawling across the fields, if every beautiful spot is a temptation to the specula-

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	7*	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	9	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	11	Don Giovanni	6.15	4.45 12.43
SUN.	12	Le Nozze di Figaro	5.30	3.45 11.48 p.m.
	14	Così fan Tutte	5.15	3.45 11.28 p.m.
	15	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
	16	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	17	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	18	Così fan Tutte	6.15	4.45 12.26
SUN.	19	Don Giovanni	5.30	3.45 11.48 p.m.
	22*	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	23	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
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	5	Macbeth	6.45	5.20 12.43
	6	Don Giovanni	6.45	5.20 12.56
	7	Le Nozze di Figaro	6.45	5.20 1.5
	8	Don Pasquale	6.45	5.20 12.46
	9	Così fan Tutte	6.15	4.45 12.28

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tive builder of monstrosities, that is because the men of the new race desire to enter into the heritage of which certain economic aberrations robbed them a hundred years ago. . . .

The young men and women who ride on bicycles out of the cities into the country do too often leave behind them under the hedgerows the wrappings of their sandwiches. The answer is that we must all patiently lump it until they have learnt that these are *their* hedgerows and that they look better without bits of grease-proof paper and jettisoned cigarette-packages.

In discussing English insularity, Mr. Shanks seems to be too indulgent. "We do not want to conquer anyone or oppress anyone or even to rule over anyone. Our final and simple solution of all the problems of humanity is for everyone to be like us." "Even when we suffer from our worst fits of conscience-searching, arrogance is never one of the sins of which we accuse ourselves. What English statesman was ever condemned by national opinion because he was too arrogant towards other countries?" Evidently Mr. Shanks is being ironical, but he does not seem to perceive that arrogance in fact is our most usual and dangerous vice. And he seems more amused than astonished by one remark that he quotes. It is worthy of Herr Goering, but was made by "a very distinguished person, a man of letters who has been knighted for his services to the language and other amenities of his country." The remark is this: "If my daughter were to marry a foreigner, I should feel very much as though she had married a monkey." A "distinguished person" in Iceland or Tierra del Fuego can no doubt afford to think of foreigners in this ingenuous way, but an Englishman? Is it not exaggerated provincialism of this type that has made our hold upon India so precarious? Is it not largely to blame even for the Foreign Policy that has placed this country in so tight a fix? Mr. Shanks completes the picture with another story: he was complaining about the telephone service in Italy, and an English lady commented "Yes, I know . . . but I never can help thinking how clever it is of foreigners to have things like telephones at all."

Finally, Mr. Shanks seems unduly optimistic about the condition of England. He considers that no totalitarian regime could succeed here because it would "imperil too much the freedom of private lives which we value too much."

> I might not, quite possibly, like the idea of marrying a Jewess, but I shall not allow any official to hold a position where he could conceivably enquire into my wife's racial origins. My freedom to marry and to do a great many other things in my private capacity is of so much value to me that any proposed new regime will have to show me overwhelming reasons before I give it up. The strength of the English is that no such reasons can be shown.

This is very true, so far as the Governing Classes, to which Mr. Shanks belongs, are concerned. But has the population of Glasgow, of Durham, of South Wales very much to lose? The poverty of the undernourished half of the community or the alarm of the richer classes may either of them prove fatal to the individualist regime. A war, even a victorious war, would most probably destroy the liberal tradition, and it is very uncertain whether this can survive even the inevitable preparation for a war. As a young Georgian poet, Mr. Shanks sang the countryside, "recording what was going so fast before it should have gone altogether." This book celebrates a tolerant, elastic, individualist England that seems no less condemned than the green fields pegged out in plots by the speculative builder. R. M.

IS ECONOMICS WORTH WHILE?

Lament for Economics. By BARBARA WOOTTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

As a friend of mine recently pointed out, nothing raises the passions of economists so easily as a discussion of the nature of their subject. For such a discussion usually leads at some point to a frontal attack on the work by which one person or another is supposed to earn his livelihood. You can tell a man that his premises are absurd, his logic puerile, his conclusions dangerous, and he may take it all in good part. But if you suggest that his job ought not to exist and that therefore it's a waste of money to pay him at all, he will begin to get angry.

Mrs. Wootton's book will certainly provoke this particular reflex in some circles and a corresponding exultation in others. For this reason and because it is delightfully written and easy to understand, it is assured of a wide sale. Whether, as the publishers suggest, "it will become a landmark in the evolution of economics" is another matter.

Economics is useless. This is the main charge in Mrs. Wootton's indictment. It is based on four subsidiary ones. Economics is unintelligible; Economics is unreal; Economists disagree on diagnosis and policy; Economists are partisan advocates of individualism. The list is formidable—even if one observes that some of the counts are scarcely consistent with one another. Unintelligibility is rightly set on one side on the grounds that it is not *per se* a drawback. Unreality and disagreement are grouped together, and a discussion of their causes occupies much of the first half of the book.

At this point the professional reader is pleasantly surprised. The prosecution begins to argue for the defence. The existence of general agreement in economic theory is admitted, and we are even told that it is not always so unreal. This is followed by an admirable explanation of why analysis is not more realistic and complete. All the familiar points are here—the absence of laboratory technique, the immense ramification of effects, the absence of constant data, the "unique" character of economic situations, the lack of quantitative analysis, etc., etc.—and, it may be added, all are to be found in the early chapters of any good text book. The difference between Mrs. Wootton and the text books is one of judgment only. Mrs. Wootton thinks that in consequence economics is no good, the text books that it is still worth while. It seems to me that here Mrs. Wootton both overstates her case and misses the real issue.

Analytical economics *does*, despite its handicaps, occasionally provide us with successful prediction. (cf., e.g., The Reparations problem, the post-war deflation policy and the return to gold at pre-war parity in 1925.) The real trouble is not that theory is no good, but that co-operation between empirical and theoretical work is very inadequate. It is a pity that Mrs. Wootton does not investigate the reasons for this. To suggest that it is just due to the mentality of the theorists is rather absurd.

The attack which began to go astray at this point develops into real windmill-tilting in the chapter on the supposed partisanship of modern economists. It is just not true to say that economists are nowadays biased in favour of individualism. The quotations brought forward in support of this contention are derived exclusively from three economists, Professors Mises, Hayek and

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Robbins. If Mrs. Wootton supposes that a majority of their colleagues also hold these views, she is wildly wrong.

The last chapter of the book is also curious. Mrs. Wootton gives us a list of the kind of studies which she thinks ought to be pursued in the future. Only one of these—"realistic application of existing economic analysis"—falls within the scope of economics. With the need of more of this most of us would cordially agree. The others are all either technical, sociological or political in character. The most controversial point raised in connection with them is the question of social ends. Mrs. Wootton holds that it is the business of social scientists to formulate and evaluate the ends to be pursued. This seems to me to raise the most immense difficulties, difficulties which are certainly not solved by the naive hope expressed on her last page that the rich may some day willingly join in earnest inquiry into how best the destruction of privilege may be achieved. HUGH GAITSKELL

TOUCHING THE IMAGINATION

The Universe Surveyed. By H. RICHARDS. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Astronomy. By W. M. SMART. *Oxford Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The successful diffusion of ideas depends, to a greater extent than is usually recognised, upon the ingratiating qualities of their sponsor. The difficulties of a popular educator begin with the choice of attitude towards the reader. If he can contrive to appear amiable in print his views are already charged with a small initial probability; conversely, a hint of condescension or misplaced facetiousness may be enough to discredit an entire stock-in-trade of facts and hypotheses.

It is amusing to contrast the different ways in which Professor Richards and Professor Smart deal with this problem of attitude. The former, who has wisely tested his book upon the young before publication, is constantly aware of his audience. Sympathetic projection into the learner's situation stimulates a succession of hints, suggestions and comments, presented in a disarmingly informal way. The reader feels flattered that so much trouble is taken on his behalf. Professor Smart, on the other hand, plumps for the take-it-or-leave-it manner (unconsciously?). It may be pardonable for an astronomer's gaze to be fixed upon the stars rather than his audience, but the fiction of the reader's non-existence is carried too far when it extends to the omission of an index and any suggestions for further reading. Possibly this disregard of an audience contributes to the stale, encyclopaedic quality of a style which will permit sentences like:

> it was accordingly surmised that this law appeared to have the characteristics of a law of nature.

Much might be forgiven an author whose photographs are so excellent, but a mere collection of facts about the heavenly bodies, however inherently striking, is not sufficient to "touch the imagination of young persons" (the publisher's claim for this book). The facts must not only be, but must be made to appear to be, significant. It is in the small and perfunctory excursions into significant commentary, however, that the defects of encyclopaedic treatment chiefly appear. Professor Smart invites us to laugh at the inventor who proposed to attract the moon to the earth's surface, and becomes quite eloquent about the use of astronomical knowledge of the state of tides in determining a minute point of historical research (why the Duke of Parma's squadron failed to leave Dunkirk and join the Armada), but all that he is able to say about the significance of astronomy is fittingly summarised by his last sentence:

> The universe has yielded several of its secrets to the persistent attacks of men of science, notably those of our own generation; much remains, however, in impenetrable mystery, offering a challenge to the astronomer, practical and theoretical, of the future.

The connoisseur of platitudes will smack his lips over this morsel—the words "practical and theoretical" providing a pleasure rarely to be found outside answers to examination papers in English Literature.

It is a relief to return to Professor Richard's excellent survey of the physical sciences. His book succeeds better than any other outline in conveying the method of science as well as its achievements. Patience, humour, wide knowledge and a gift for vivid imagery have gone to the making of the book. The man in the street could hardly hope to find a more honest account of the present state of geology, astronomy, physics and their applications.

M. BLACK

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The Human Body. By LOGAN CLENDENING. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The scope of this book is enormous; it is an outline of the present knowledge of the human body in health and disease. It treats in turn the structure and physiology of the body, the reactions of the human being to his environment, heredity, reproduction, and disease. But it is neither a text-book nor a book of reference, for though there is no important fact in medicine or pathology that is not mentioned, it covers too wide a field for any particular subject to be dealt with in detail. The illustrations are plentiful, but still there are not enough. This book is really an historical survey of medicine and disease and will be enjoyed most by those who already have a considerable knowledge of these subjects, by students of biology and physiology as additional reading, a sauce to their regular diet, and by those people with a perpetual curiosity about illness who already know perhaps more about their insides than is good for them. However, it is less likely to give rise to panic in the anxious reader than *The Home Doctor*, or other such medical books for laymen. There is much in this book for doctors as well as laymen. Here are the personal views of a man whose knowledge of medicine is exceptionally wide and sound. The author is a cynic. His book is full of humour, and his writing is at all times clear, alive and entertaining. He has a very true eye for seeing all medical events past and present in historical perspective, and doctors especially will find the abundance of historical anecdotes delightful.

About Motoring

MOTORIST, MAGISTRATE AND POLICE

I HAVE just spent half a day in a provincial police court, listening to a typical list of petty prosecutions of motorists, and I came away irritated, disturbed, inwardly accusing our system of a grotesque inefficiency, and yet groping rather feebly for any constructive proposals for reform. It is possibly ridiculous to generate such disquiet as the product of some three or four casual attendances as I have made, but the true parent of the disquiet was a naive revelation of instructions received by a policeman made to me in private, and some scathing criticisms of the police

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The Children's Homes administered by the West Riding Public Assistance Committee will continue in the charge of Superintendents (or Matrons) as at present, but by visitation and report upon the several Homes the Children's Officer will assist in the co-ordination of administration and in the efficiency of the staffs. Her principal duty will, however, be in respect of the children, upon whom she will be required to report individually and to advise particularly with reference to those who, on account of mental, moral, or temperamental characteristics, require special care and treatment. She will discharge her duties under the direction of the County Public Assistance Officer, and will undertake such other work in respect of children as may be required from time to time.

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J. CHARLES MCGRATH,
Clerk of the County Council.

County Hall,
Wakefield.
March 22nd, 1938.

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Appointment for work in the Universities and Colleges.

The League of Nations Union is about to appoint a Travelling Secretary for Universities and Colleges at a salary of £250 a year and the British Universities League of Nations Society is about to elect a Secretary (unpaid). It is desirable that both appointments should be held by the same person. Only Graduates or those about to graduate need apply. A form of application may be obtained from the Secretary, LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope (foolscap size).

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE (University of London) proposes to appoint as from October 1st, 1938, an ASSISTANT LECTURER IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. Salary scale £275–£25–£325: entry to the scale above the minimum is not precluded. Application forms (to be returned on or before April 30th) and further particulars obtainable from the SECRETARY, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

PART-TIME Secretary required by doctor. Two afternoons, two evenings a week. Also Maths. coach for boy aged 14; one hour weekly. Box 1350.

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court in general published by a solicitor with a lifelong experience of their methods. I desire to chronicle four separate reactions. The first violent reaction occurred when the magistrates filed on to the bench. I felt very strongly that the wrong persons occupy the seats of the mighty. Being myself more than middle-aged, I cherish no automatic prejudice against age; but the average years of these panjandrums obviously approached 70 rather than 60, and neither by appearance, bearing nor subsequent conduct did several of these people impress as qualified to sit in judgment. No doubt an elderly magistracy is an almost inevitable consequence of the unpaid system; for young and vigorous men and women are laudably occupied elsewhere, and even if leisured, would not readily submit to the appalling boredom and frequent waste of time. Nevertheless, if these samples are characteristic of the unpaid system, the sooner we adopt a stipendiary system the better; but with ruthless retirement clauses, please, for in a London court I have encountered a stipendiary who was at least as great a fool as some of these unsalaried worthies. Reaction No. 2 was provoked by the appalling waste of time involved. Whether the magistrates could have employed their time more profitably elsewhere may be open to doubt; without exception they were of an age at which unemployment is automatic, unless hereditary wealth or social influence avert it. They appeared conscientious, but unhappy; and I am sure they would have preferred a deep armchair at the club, or a set of knitting needles and the radio. But half a dozen solicitors, a dozen police, and some thirty members of the general public consecrated an entire morning to the proceedings; and there was only one case of real (though minor) importance. Reaction No. 3 was induced by the atmosphere—any watchful observer could not help perceiving that the bench was in the pocket of the clerk of the court—another externally semi-senile gentleman. To all appearance he advised the chairman not only as to the decision in each case, but also as to the kind of sentence which his unquestionably vast experience regarded as suitable. (Of course, he may merely have been instructing the bench on points of law, warning them that they could not hang a motor cyclist because his tail lamp had fused a bulb; but the resemblance to a fussy mother coaching a small child how to present a bouquet to visiting royalty was irresistible . . . one aggravated defendant whispered semi-audibly, "Nanny's with you, darling!" as an obviously confused presiding magistrate put his ear almost into the mouth of the clerk of the court.) Moreover, many meaning glances passed between the chief constable and the clerk of the court, doubtless rendered even more articulate by exchange of notes and even by little local visitations. It was impossible to escape the suspicion that anybody who had this pair against him for any reason was for it, and that the bench were as wax in their hands.

All this is preliminary. My main reaction was No. 4. The bulk of the court's business was with motorists, and of the long procession of motorists who passed through the juridical sieve only one had committed an offence of any perilous implications. He had passed a "Halt" sign at a speed which he estimated as 20 m.p.h. (he did not deny a technical offence), but which the observing constable judged as 35 m.p.h. His defence was that he had not seen the Halt sign, as his attention was distracted at the critical moment by an errand boy who had suddenly attempted to turn a carrier bicycle across his bows; he stated that he realised the cross-roads might be dangerous, that he had slowed sufficiently to assure himself that no lateral traffic was approaching, and that if lateral traffic had been approaching, his brakes were so powerful that he could easily have stopped. Convicted, and fined. Now I happen to know this particular Halt sign, which ought never to have been installed, and was installed because a nervous old lady resides on the corner of the crossing, and after being harrowed by an ugly crash outside her doorstep used her pull with the local council to get a sign installed. The corner needs a "Slow" sign, but not a Halt sign. The defence was true in every particular (except for the unverifiable speed). The constable had noticed the distracting conduct of the errand boy. I visited the spot on my way home, and proved to my satisfaction that the visibility justifies approach at 20 m.p.h. Both roads are of the boulevard type, lined with trees, and the Halt sign is so largely obscured by the trees that it is very easily overlooked This was in my opinion the most serious motoring offence adjudicated during the session, and provided that the motorist estimated his speed accurately, it was purely technical. Its seriousness depends on the circumstance that the crossing is only Halt-signed in a north-and-south direction, the east-to-west direction being unrestricted. So if a driver travelling east or west chanced his hand at this crossing, and encountered another driver crossing his bows without halting and at a speed of 30 m.p.h. a heavy collision would ensue unless both men adopted the device commonly employed under such circumstances, and swerved inside or outside each other, as all of us who drive have done hundreds of times. Had I been the constable responsible for this particular report, I should have taken no action whatsoever, unless I was passionately assured that the defendant was driving as fast as the constable swore he was. Personally, knowing the place, and hearing the evidence, I feel sure the motorist would have killed the errand boy if he had been moving at anywhere near the alleged speed. And now comes the gist of my disquiet. This charge was probably brought and pressed because four other drivers were prosecuted for failing to halt at the same crossing during the same week. Every one of them had contented himself with a pseudo-halt, not being aware that he was under police observation; that is to say, they had slowed down to a creep, but had never brought their wheels to an actual standstill. In these four cases there was no allegation of speed; the police evidence was that the drivers slowed right down, but did not absolutely stop. One driver, the last of the quartette, having seen the others fined, offered no defence; the first three elucidated the fact that they had slowed down so far that they had to engage bottom gear to get away again. In fine, all these offences were technical with the exception of the man who was distracted by the suicidal errand boy. The remaining motoring offences were all exclusively technical: negligence to renew driving licences punctually, driving after dark with the tail lamp extinguished—in all the latter the defendants swore that their tail lamps were burning when they left home, and two of them explained that they had spare bulbs aboard, and would naturally have stopped to refit a bulb if they had known the lamp was out. (The authorities should notify owners when the driving licence expires, as the Post Office notifies radio licensees; and manufacturers should wire a dash tell-tale lamp in series with the tail lamp.) So the nett impression of the morning was a weakened faith in British justice of the petty type, a recognition of great wastefulness, compassion for conditions which emphasise technical pettifoggery and neglect the weightier matters of the law, and a wonder that relations between motorists and the police remain as friendly as in fact they do.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 420

Set by H. D. Waley

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for an inaugural speech, in not more than 250 words, for the Society for Promoting Accurate Enunciation, containing the best collection of plausible Spoonerisms. A few malapropisms may be thrown in as makeweights.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 1st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 418

Set by A. P. Rossiter

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for 300 words of a selected passage from a 5th Book of *Gulliver's Travels*, dealing with a voyage to Cynosuria, a land populated by intelligent dogs.

Report by A. P. Rossiter

The entry was smallish and the competition stiff. A 5th Book comes after the 4th; and that the Schools and Lit-histories seem to have crabbed, Swift (you know) being mad. I don't believe *A Voyage to*

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOME MODERN PROBLEMS. A series of Talks and Discussions for those concerned about present-day World Problems has been arranged to take place at LANGDALE ESTATE in the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, from Wednesday, April 6th to 12th. The subjects to be discussed include Education, Health and Fitness, International Affairs, War, Unemployment. As accommodation is limited, early application is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained by writing "Conference N," Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, March 27th, at 11 a.m., Miss Marjorie Bowen: "Religious Enthusiasms—A Short Study." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

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THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 27th, at 11, MR. BLACKHAM: "MAN'S FIRST LOYALTY." 6.30, DR. COIT: "THE SUFFERINGS OF AN IMAGINATIVE CHILD."

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations 1s.; Library books 2d.; Catalogue 6d. Open Mondays 7–9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

A.I.A., Wed., March 30th, 8.15 p.m. TOM HARRISSON: "WHY ORDINARY PEOPLE GAVE 1938 PAINTING THE RASPBERRY." Chair: JULIAN TREVELYAN, 9 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2.

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I. EASTER CONFERENCE will be held at St. Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts., from Thursday (tea), April 14th, to Tuesday (breakfast), April 19th.

PROGRAMME:

Fri.,	11.0 a.m.	J. GORDON MACLEOD on "THE ARTIST AND THE PEOPLE IN THE THEATRE."
Fri.,	8.0 p.m.	H. O. COLEMAN on "THE ALDOUS HUXLEY PERIL."
Sat.,	11.0 a.m.	MISS W. G. RINDER on "FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN GERMANY TO-DAY."
Sat.,	8.0 p.m.	W. B. CURRY on "PACIFISM OR SANCTIONS."
Sun.,	2.30 p.m.	WILFRED MACARTNEY on "HOW TO REFORM OUR PRISONS."
Sun.,	8.0 p.m.	PAT SLOAN on "LIQUIDATING THE SOVIET HOODED MEN—A TRIUMPH OF THE WORLD STRUGGLE AGAINST FASCISM."
Mon.,	11.0 a.m.	F.P.S.I. Policy: "IS THE F.P.S.I. EFFECTIVE? IF NOT, WHY NOT?" Chairman: A. A. BURALL.
Mon.,	8.0 p.m.	Entertainment.

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A SCHOLARSHIP examination will be held on June 7th, 8th and 9th, 1938. Scholarships are two each of £100, £70, £50 and several Exhibitions of £30. The Major Scholarships of £100 may not be awarded if candidates do not show sufficient merit. There are also Bursaries of £30 for sons of Clergy and Close Exhibitions of £25 for sons of officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, for the sons of officers of the Regular Army and the sons of permanent officers of the Royal Air Force, serving and retired. Further information may be obtained from the BURSAR, St. Edward's School, Oxford.

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The half-yearly PRELIMINARY, INTERMEDIATE and FINAL EXAMINATIONS will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th June next in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth, and Sheffield.
Entries should be received on, or before, the 1st April. Further particulars may be obtained from the offices of the Association at 50 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 539

Cynosuria would satirise Dogs; though Swift would have an eye for the niceties of canine etiquette he would have made it bear on Man. E. Davis' greetings "in their osphresiolagnic fashion," W. T. Robinson's rites of "Omne orthodog" (conducted in buildings like our Guild Halls, but . . . internally there was only one great chamber, in which stood innumerable maypoles"), and H. D. Dickinson's street-lamp shrines of "upwards of 90 sects" would have been mercilessly paralleled, and the point sharpened by Gulliver's attempts to blunt it. H. D. D. had one sentence I felt Swift might have written:

> My guide stopped at each shrine and sniffed at it judiciously. Some he passed by; at others he lifted his hind-leg in a very decent and reverent manner.

Several made the Cynosures keep humans, which they bred, petted, etc. Here, A. P. Sturrock had an idea for a Celia-poem, but missed Swift's prose, except in one point:

> Societies were even formed for their protection, usually by estimable bitches who credited the Yahoos with all the highest canine faculties. . . .

Others fastened on the idea of explaining Humanity to the Dog; but though E. Davis, Pin, and L. V. Upward satirised the modern world, they forgot that dog-nature ought to come in, as the "pastoral" associations of horses do in the Houyhnhnms. Dogs are faithful, and Upward only missed by not developing his point that the Cynosures have "no words to express duplicity or betrayal." You can turn this the other way, and make Cynosuria a Fascist state where "the supreme virtue . . . is . . . loyalty to an individual in authority" (Betty Radice). There were several fascismophobes, mostly too angry for irony. I was surprised that none of them used the line Swift offers in Book iv, 7:

> In most herds there was a sort of ruling Yahoo . . . who was always more deformed in body and mischievous in disposition than any of the rest

after which there is a straight tip on "purges" and Gulliver's resentment of the "malicious insinuation which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound . . . etc."

Awarding was complicated by the fact that some of the best at a Swiftish style lacked points or took barren lines; while some of the witty were too unSwift. Among the former, L. V. Upward, Towanbucket, and R. S. Jaffray share my commiseration; and among the latter the anti-Fascist and Lamp-post schools. The first prize goes to M. R. D. and Frank Adams, who both got some bitterness in: to the first, for a sustained irony (particularly good in the suggestions that Dogs, being natural killers, cannot understand "cruelty," and that they naively assume Men must envy their brutality); and to the second for originality (the effect being that of Swift taking a point from Samuel Butler). The second prize goes to Betty Radice, whose consistency of style and thought put her piece just ahead of H. D. Dickinson's deeper, but less polished satire, from which I quote the following:

> . . . all right-minded dogs believed firmly that in Paradise . . . all virtuous dogs would eat real bones; whereas some scurvy mongrels taught that the bones of Paradise were but forms or appearances of bones, having indeed the smell, taste, shape, colour, and feel of bones, but nothing else of consequence. . . .

Considering the entries as a whole, I was struck with the generally low level of misanthropy.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

But one great Excellence, in this gentle Race of Otupls, was that Nature had endowed them with a Disposition so innocent, that I could with Difficulty bring them to apprehend the Conception of Cruelty. For they were indeed astonished when I asserted; that my Species accounted it a Sin, that a Man should assail and injure even his Enemy: that some of us indeed were filled with Indignation at the inflicting of Pain, though it were only upon some dumb Brute: that we judged it a fit Punishment, if he who killed one of his own Race should himself be put to Death. And they desired me to explain to them this curious Conception of Sin: whereupon I told them, as well as I could, that to attack and kill was, in many of my Species, so exquisite a Delight, that it must of Necessity be restrained, lest the whole Race of Man be speedily exterminated: that such was the Intemperance of the Bulk of my People, that this Blood Lust did nevertheless often overcome them, inasmuch as no Ordinance might withhold them from shedding the Blood, even of their nearest Neighbours: that in order to account for the Inconsistency of such a Situation we were obliged to pardon all such Outbreaks under the Pretext of "War": which Expression, I could with Difficulty bring them to apprehend, for they have no similar Word in their Language. They then expressed great Admiration at what I had related and concluded, with too much Probability, that Nature's greatest Ecstacy was withheld from us; because, by our want of Innocence, we might neither partake of the Pleasures of Death, nor delight in the Blood of an Enemy. M. R. D.

FIRST PRIZE (2)

I inquired if I might not visit on this day's travels one of the places of education in this remarkable country. My guide assented, and we set off across the hills, presently emerging from the forest into the clearing of a University. A number of Cynosures were engaged in scratching with their claws on wax, busily criticising the mediocre verses of a successful poet. I remarked that in my country pupils were not expected to learn criticism, but applause; and that their appreciation of good poetry and art was all the stronger because they had always been assured of their goodness, without being confounded by examples of inferior productions.

Several pupils would from time to time cease from work, and, lifting one leg, relieve themselves against a tree. My guide could not comprehend my horror at what he stated to be a normal function; on the other hand, acquired tastes such as art, he pursued, were restricted in youth, and even hedged round with some suggestion of indecency, so that the young Cynosures might become addicted to them in later life.

Poetry and smelling, the two greatest of the arts, were strictly forbidden to all Cynosures under nine months of age. Accordingly, continued my guide, the public smelling glades were visited by great numbers, unharassed in their youth by constant praises of arts they could not understand. The treasures of these glades were placed among inferior productions, to heighten the pleasure of a critical faculty. I confess I found it strange to conceive a public bold enough to find its pleasures for itself; and I was much puzzled at a system of education which did not result in that complete removal of curiosity and lust for knowledge which is the chief glory of our own. FRANK ADAMS

SECOND PRIZE

FROM "A VOYAGE TO CYNOSURIA"

. . . When my tutor and I were able to converse with reasonable fluency, he explained to me very kindly that I was slow in learning because of my sensible deficiencies, and asked if my previous owners had not said the same. I replied that I was glad to say that I had had no previous owner, and it was with some difficulty that I convinced him of this. He was shocked to think that I should rejoice in a situation where, he said, I could never know the supreme virtue. This in Cynosuria is a kind of hero-worship or loyalty to an individual in authority. I admitted that there were in my own country persons who wished to practise this virtue as they saw it practised elsewhere, but said that I was not of their number. This he could not believe.

BETTY RADICE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 273.—THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

"Mother, have you heard?" said fifteen-year-old John, the eldest of the Snoggins children; "at the party this afternoon there are prizes for both boys and girls. The boys are to draw for their prizes, and the girls are to have a separate draw for theirs."

"How many prizes?" asked Mrs. Snoggins.

John told her. "And isn't it funny," he said, "that there are just enough prizes for us Snoggins to have one all round—if we're lucky in the draw, that is."

Mrs. Snoggins smiled. "It's long odds," she said, "against all of you getting prizes. Let me see—apart from Snogginses, there'll be three children at the party. So the odds against every Snoggins getting a prize are 125 to 1."

How many Snogginses are there?

PROBLEM 271.—LORD WHIMSEA'S WILL

Solution next week.

PROBLEM 270.—SOUVENIRS FROM ONIONPORE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: B. J. Birkle, "Jacia," Upperton Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Six points are awarded.

CALIBAN SOLVERS' DINNER

Our dinner takes place next Friday, April 1st, at the Northumberland Rooms, Grand Building, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. 7 for 7.30. Morning dress.

"Caliban" will preside at the dinner, and the guest of honour is the Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P. After dinner there will be games and competitions.

"Caliban" solvers and their guests, and any other readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION likely to be interested, are eligible. Tickets 5s. per head (exclusive of wines) from Miss Kathleen Salmons, 22 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

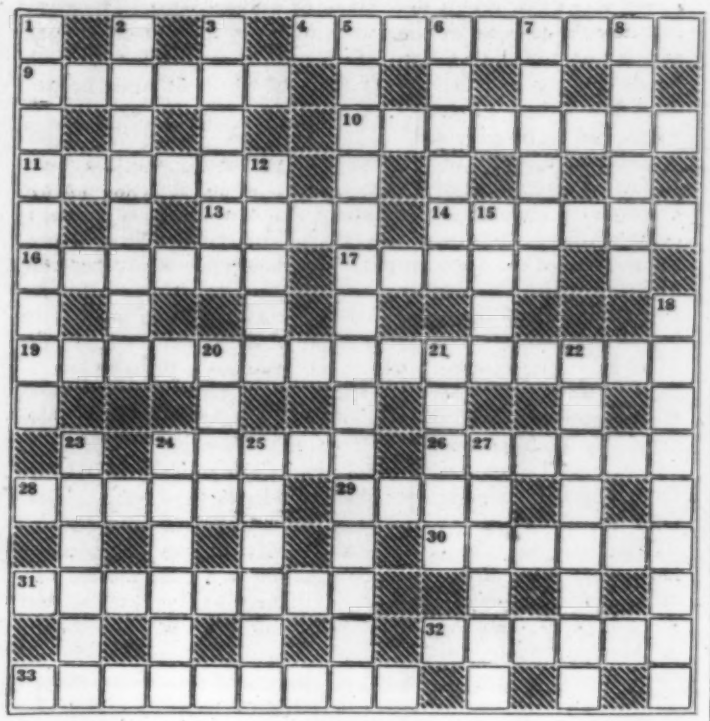
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 420

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
C. E. Saunders, The Bungalow, Fieldside, Ely.

ACROSS

4. A trifle in the collection no doubt. (9)
9. The sort of objection plants have to being disturbed. (6)
10. Hitler's tribal pastime? (8)
11. Tail to head is sat on by one who ascends the mount. (6)
13. The very reverse of 33. (4)
14. Westmorland dale talk. (6)
16. Where dogs are highly prized. (6)
17. Dances for a Titan? (5)
19. Making creditable haste perhaps. (15)
24. It is often gilt edged. (5)
26. It's not down you see on the animal. (6)
28. Youthful "help-meat" so to speak. (6)
29. Result of ringing down the rope. (4)
30. Broken teeth are. (6)
31. Boxes of layers as it were. (8)
32. Court game from Plantagenet days. (6)
33. Oddly enough the ballet skirt would come into this category. (9)

DOWN

1. Enough to kill a lion or another of the big cats? (9)
2. The necessity for such a revolution is regularly scouted. (8)
3. Did he first lay down the rule of the street? (6)
5. Frontier incidents? (15)
6. Go off successfully. (6)
7. You can always get digs round it. (6)
8. Butted, as the shepherd might say. (6)
12. She shows us another way in. (5)
15. If you take this line you will not be of the highest note. (4)
18. A printing machine that won't go? (9)
20. You could probably go all the way round by sea. (4)
21. Add a piece to an apocryphal book. (5)
22. Reproduces the sound of the waves going overhead. (8)
23. Official writing is presumably done at it. (6)
24. Suggests the sea lion's point of meeting. (6)
25. Secluded end of the port. (6)
27. Side figure. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	■	M	A	J	O	R	T	H	I	R	D	S	■	■
D	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	A	■	P
R	E	R	E	D	O	S	■	A	U	D	I	T	O	R
A	■	K	■	E	■	E	■	X	■	L	■	U	■	E
U	N	E	N	D	I	N	G	■	■	E	A	R	L	S
G	■	T	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	T	■	D	■	S
H	I	G	H	T	■	F	I	R	S	T	H	A	L	F
T	■	A	■	U	■	U	■	E	■	E	■	Y	■	A
H	A	R	E	B	E	L	L	S	■	R	A	M	P	S
O	■	D	■	E	■	■	■	H	■	■	■	O	■	T
R	E	E	K	S	■	■	S	U	B	M	E	R	G	E
S	■	N	■	H	■	O	■	F	■	I	■	N	■	N
E	L	E	M	E	N	T	■	F	R	A	G	I	L	E
S	■	R	■	L	■	I	■	L	■	M	■	N	■	R
■	■	S	E	L	F	S	E	E	K	I	N	G	■	■

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET OUTLOOK—MEXICAN OIL—A CRITIC OF THE CITY

THE recovery which marked the opening of the new Stock Exchange account was short-lived. While it lasted it was quite impressive. For example, Imperial Tobacco, which had fallen from 7 to 6, recovered to 6⅞ by Wednesday morning. Bass, which had slumped from 124*s.* to 110*s.*, recovered to 121*s.* 3*d.* After the panicky but limited selling, which fell upon markets last week, such sharp rises were inevitable on the first sign of speculative buying for the account. But in the absence of any new volume of investment business the recovery could not be held. I write before the Prime Minister has disclosed his foreign policy, but I cannot believe that it will bring much comfort to the investor, who is now thoroughly scared of the German menace. From the economic point of view I can see nothing to cause equity share prices to rise except in the narrow industrial field where the huge armament expenditures are to be concentrated. Let the investor disabuse himself of the idea that this rearmament business will be immediately inflationary. Even if the Government borrows £100 millions in 1937/38 for its war preparations, it will still leave some £300 millions or more of the national savings to be invested by private enterprise, and the City view is that business confidence has been so shattered by recent events that nothing like this rate of private investment can be maintained. At the same time the export trades are bound to suffer a decline this year, while the awaited recovery in America seems likely to be postponed by Mr. Roosevelt's muddle-headed attempts to reform and revive business simultaneously. The economic outlook, in my opinion, is black, and I counsel investors to reduce their holdings of British industrial equities, or if they insist on holding them, to favour the armament equities and such shares indirectly connected with rearmament as Imperial Chemical Industries and British Aluminium.

* * *

So the foreign oil companies in Mexico, having refused to give effect to the Labour Board's award, have had their properties expropriated by the Government. Naturally they have appealed to their respective Governments to make diplomatic representations on their behalf, but I doubt whether anything effective will be done. The Labour Board's award was based on estimates that the profits of the foreign oil companies over the preceding three years had exceeded 168 million pesos a year, whereas the companies assert that profits were about 68 million pesos. The award laid down a 40-hour working week with pay for a 56-hour week, and it was added that leave of absence during each year could be claimed for as much as 151 days, of which 61 must be paid for. For retired employees pensions up to 80 per cent. of the wages had to be provided. The companies claimed that it was impossible to work their concessions profitably on this basis. In fact, the administrative clauses of the award allowed so much Government and union interference that the Capitalist management of the fields would virtually be paralysed. What is now the position of the Mexican Eagle shareholders? The 7 per cent. 1st preference shareholders do not fare so badly. Mexican Eagle and Canadian Eagle jointly guarantee each other's 1st preference capital. The liquid assets of the Canadian Eagle and Mexican Eagle combined, which comprise cash, British Government securities, debtors and stocks of oil only, were sufficient at the end of 1936 to cover the entire 1st preference share capital of both companies twice over. Whether the dividends will be paid I cannot say, because under the regime of Sir Henri Deterding the 1st preference share dividends were once temporarily suspended while the company had to fight a lawsuit attacking its concessions. The ordinary shares of Mexican Eagle, which have a par value of 8*s.*, must be regarded as a pure gamble even at 4*s.* 6*d.* (the break-up value, excluding fixed assets, is only around 2*s.* 6*d.*—not 6*s.* as has been stated). I am not hopeful of Mexican Eagle prospects unless there is a change in the Government of Mexico. Nor am I impressed with the immediate oil outlook. If the Mexican Government tries to dump the expropriated oil on the world's markets, and if the American and British Governments take no steps to impose an embargo on this dumping, there may be a temporary price war in certain oil markets.

* * *

Why, I wonder, should it be assumed that the readers of this page are mainly, if not wholly, country parsons? I ask, because this appears to be the assumption of the writer of an interesting pamphlet, *The City To-day*, published (price 1*s.*) by the New Fabian Research Bureau. The pamphlet, whose merits I commend to my readers, clerical or otherwise, presents soberly and objectively, without *parti pris* exaggeration, the case against the City as it exists. In support of its argument it adduces the excessive costliness to industry of the mechanism which finances it, the dangerous concentration of financial control, the failure of the Stock Exchange to curb harmful speculation or protect the public effectively against worthless promotions, and—above all—the absence of any correlation between the national interest and the operations of the City's mechanism Instead of lending freely in a down-swing and exercising caution and restraint in an upswing of the business cycle, the banks do just the opposite; and the tendency of the market in new capital issues, whose activity marches in step with that of the Stock Exchange, is also to accentuate instead of smoothing cyclical fluctuations. Having thus analysed the defects of the City under present conditions and emphasised the need for a Board of National Investment and for a co-ordinating control over the broad lines of credit policy adopted by the joint-stock banks, the author completes his survey by pointing to the chief changes which have occurred in the structure of the City since 1931. All these, he rightly observes, have involved, each in its own way, a loss of autonomy. The establishment of the Exchange Equalisation Fund in 1932 removed from the Bank of England its control over the sterling exchange; and the Treasury, with freedom of action thus secured, has insisted on maintenance of a regime of cheap money irrespective of the Bank's inclination The Foreign Investments (Advisory) Committee has curtailed the freedom of one section at least of the new capital market; the discount market is now a "tame" mechanism living predominantly on Treasury bills; the Export Credits Department has invaded the domain of the merchant banks and acceptance houses. Here, the pamphlet suggests, is in embryo a system of "interference" apt to the hand of a Socialist Government which determined to subject the key functions of the City to public control. It may be so; but it is well to remember that control by these means (but for very different objects) could also be exercised by a pseudo-Fascist, authoritarian regime.

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Company Meeting

EQUITY AND LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

ANOTHER BUSINESS RECORD.

THE Annual General Meeting of Equity and Law Life Assurance Society was held on Tuesday last in London.

The Right Hon. Sir Dennis Herbert, K.B.E., M.P. (the chairman), who presided, said that notwithstanding the large increase every year for many years past their total new life business, both gross and net, again showed an increase, and established a new record. The gross figure was £5,582,113, against £5,144,660, and the net £4,667,681, against £4,658,909.

The new sinking fund business was lower than the exceptionally high figure of the preceding year, but was higher than in any year other than 1936, and more than three times as much as in any of the four years before 1936. Their total funds at the end of the year were £28,117,742, against £24,935,078 at the end of the previous year, an increase of £3,182,664. The net rate of interest on their funds was £4 9*s.* per cent., against £4 8*s.* 6*d.* in the previous year. The surplus disclosed in the triennial report was £1,266,803, which, allowing for the fact that it arose from three years' business instead of five, was proportionately larger than any previous surplus. It enabled them to distribute to policyholders £835,381 in bonuses at the same high rates as the end of their last quinquennium, and, after crediting the proprietors' fund with its one-tenth of the divisible surplus, to carry forward as a reserve an increased sum of £332,522, against £312,682.

The minimum rates of reversionary bonuses were: On whole-life assurances £2 5*s.* per cent. per annum, and on endowment assurances £2 2*s.* per cent. per annum. Higher rates were payable under their method of allotment of bonuses, and rates as high as 4 per cent. had been allotted in respect of some of the older policies. Current bonuses in respect of policies becoming claims during the present triennium would be paid at the full reversionary rate now allotted to them. Up to date new business this year was quite as satisfactory as usual. The chairman referred to the new building, with which they were very well satisfied, and paid a tribute to the work of the staff and especially for the cheerful way in which they met the difficulties caused by moving into the new building. The report was unanimously adopted.

URGENT

The end of March is the end of our Financial Year. In order to face another year free from debt and to carry on our life-saving ministry, donations are urgently needed. No matter how large or small, all will be gratefully received. Please send now.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

CVS—41

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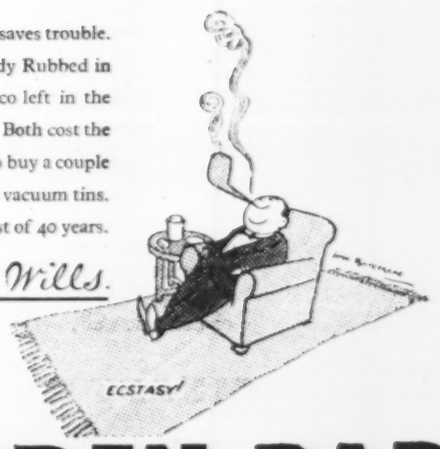

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